THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLVI. No. 1190 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1953 [Registered at the G.P.O as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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Waging Peace in the Colonies

LABOUR'S vote of censure, which ended the Parliamentary year, was the culmination of a sustained offensive mounted by the Opposition against the Colonial Secretary. Whereas in foreign policy Mr. Attlee has been cautiously reluctant to break away from bipartisanship, and has shown no inclination whatsoever to challenge the qualifications of Mr. Eden, this inhibition has not been extended to Colonial affairs. First on Central African Federation, and then on the Guiana and Kenya crises, Labour has directly challenged both the Government's policy and the activities of Mr. Lyttelton.

The decision to mount this offensive was undoubtedly welcome, not only to active Socialists throughout the country, but also to that large body of independent public opinion which has been perturbed by Mr. Lyttelton's very obvious personal unsuitability for the task he has been given, and, no less, by the whole tenor of the Government's policy. To compare the Colonial Secretary with Lord North—as some excited Labour speakers have done—is to exaggerate his role in the Cabinet. Sir Frank Soskice summed up the charge against him in more moderate language. "What we say about Mr. Lyttelton is that the progress towards the attainment of a greater and greater measure of self-government within the Commonwealth, which had marked the years of Labour administration, was brought to an abrupt halt when the present Conservative Government came into office."

We can appreciate the reasons why Sir Frank chose these words. Yet the fact remains that, in this form, the charge is not quite fair, and it is this element of unfairness which probably explains why Mr. Lyttelton has been able to defend himself with increased vigour and effectiveness in each debate, and why the Labour challenge has sometimes rung hollow. Continuity is not only a feature of foreign policy. In Colonial affairs, Mr. Lyttelton has frequently carried on where Mr. Griffiths left off. In the Gold Coast and Nigeria, though on occasion he has shown his usual tactlessness, the Labour Government's progressive policy has been faithfully continued. Certainly, in pushing on with Central African Federation, he has handled African opinion far more roughly than his predecessors. Yet he can reasonably argue that Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Gordon Walker had committed themselves a very long way before they left office. Certainly, in suppressing Mau Mau, he has shown a preference for toughness; but the Labour Government had given him a precedent in Malaya. Certainly he was abrupt in suspending the Constitution of Guiana and arresting the P.P.P. leaders; but even here, as has been revealed in the debates, the differences which separated his policy from that of his predecessor were not of principle but of tactics.

Time after time the effectiveness of the Opposition's attack has been sadly diminished not only by the speeches of the small group of Labour M.P.s who actively sympathise with the Government's "realism" in Colonial affairs, but by the obvious embarrassment of the Labour leadership when it is reminded of some of its own actions. As a result, what should have been a grand indictment has too often degenerated into shadow boxing.

This kind of predicament is bound to afflict a party which is in Opposition after ten unbroken years of office. Very few Socialist ex-Ministers are yet prepared to admit that the Labour Government made very grave mistakes, and that they themselves were forced to depart from the principles which they are now once again free to preach as fervently as those of their colleagues who were never in office. The fact is that today the veiled disagreements which exist inside the Labour Party are at least as large as those overt disagreements about Colonial affairs which divide the two front benches. So long as its spokesmen keep to the generalities of anti-Government propaganda sufficient for platform oratory, the Labour Party appears united on Colonial affairs. But how superficial that unity is, might very soon be revealed if a Labour Minister were to replace Mr. Lyttelton.

The danger today is that, instead of discussing these differences frankly and reaching positive conclusions, the Labour Party will prefer to maintain a negative unity by merely attacking Mr. Lyttleton and discreetly avoiding the question of what Socialist policy towards the Colonial peoples should be. Last week its National Executive spent two hours on censuring Mr. Mikardo for writing an article pointing out the very obvious fact that the T.U.C. had given its tacit support to Mr. Lyttelton's action in British Guiana. Mr. Mikardo's sin, apparently, was to air a difference instead of suppressing it.

The definition of party loyalty used to justify the censure of Mr. Mikardo can only mean complete suppression of the free discussion which is so urgently necessary. For this reason we welcome the pamphlet issued last week under the names of Sir Richard Acland, Mr. Fenner Brockway and Mr. Leslie Hale and signed by 31 other Labour M.P.s. The central theme of this pamphlet is not new. Indeed, it is merely an expansion of the Colonial policy outlined in *Challenge to Britain*. But the authors have the intellectual honesty to realise that such a policy demands drastic changes in every aspect of foreign and domestic affairs. If the next Labour Government is to put into practice any of the generalities about aid for the under-developed territories and the end of imperialism which can be read in *Challenge to Britain*, it will not be sufficient merely to reverse the present Tory methods in the Colonies. What is needed is a radical departure from many of the policies which Labour itself employed between 1949 and 1951. There can, for instance, be no substantial British contribution to overseas economic development without a drastic cut in the Defence budget; there can be no rapid advance to self-government in Malaya unless Labour is prepared to admit its past errors and to take risks there at least as great as those taken by Mr. Attlee when India was liberated. Finally, as the authors of this pamphlet point out, no British Government can wage peace as long as it accepts American leadership in waging cold war.

Fruits of Bermuda

If the Prime Minister exaggerated when he described President Eisenhower's vague speech on the future of "peaceful" atomic energy as "one of the most remarkable events in world history since the end of the war," its importance has been emphasised by Monday's Soviet Note, accepting the President's invitation to discuss it. Mr. Molotov's insistence that the Eisenhower formula takes no account of the Soviet demands for the banning of the Bomb suggests that discussions on the peaceful uses of atomic energy may founder on the same rock which has always wrecked disarmament discussions. Nevertheless, as we have already remarked, the U.S. initiative *was*, this time, intended to be taken up, and now the Russians have taken it up. So far, so good.

Less good was Sir Winston's report on Bermuda to the House of Commons. He finally dispelled any hope that Britain, in friendly collaboration with France, might play a "middle of the road" part in world affairs. The impression he gave was that he had "learned"—to use his word—lessons at Bermuda which he was faithfully repeating: Mr. Dulles had spoken and France would do well to heed what Mr. Dulles had said. If France did not ratify E.D.C., the consequences for the French would be "formidable." It may be, as our Paris Correspondent suggests, that U.S. economic pressure, operating on France's disastrous Budget, will extort ratification next year from the Assembly. What matters even more to this country is that the British Government now appears to be even more firmly hitched to the American line than was the case before Sir Winston's "peace initiative" of May 11.

The Versailles Farce

Curtain still up as we go to press, the Presidential farce at Versailles has been unedifying. Only the first three ballots were real reflections of current French problem; in its later stages the battle was fought on abstract party issues—many of them ghosts of the Third Republic. Even M. Laniel's offer to withdraw—after holding steadily an indecisive lead—was conditional: it had become clear that he was too much a man of the Right to win the support of the Left-wing Radicals, yet had too good a Resistance record to be popular with the Pinayists and the Vichyites. But an acceptable candidate in his place had yet to be found.

Mr. Eisenhower's Programme

In the first session of this Congress, the President failed to get through any of the important proposals he launched with such a flourish when he took office. To avoid another such failure in the coming session the President has called the Republican leaders into conference to work out an agreed programme—the more necessary since the President can no longer depend on Senator Taft. No announcement has yet been made of the details. It is known, however, that the Administration will oppose Senator Bricker's constitutional amendment—designed to give Congress over-riding control of presidential agreements with foreign governments—and that it will sponsor two "testimony" Bills, one by-passing the Fifth Amendment by forcing witnesses to testify in exchange for immunity and the other making evidence obtained by wire-tapping admissible in Federal Courts. This, no doubt, explains why Senator McCarthy, who was asked to Saturday's conference, was "tremendously impressed." It also suggests that the Congressional leaders may have persuaded the President that, after all, Communism will be the best issue next year.

Elections in Central Africa

Moderate White racialism in British Central Africa has won an overwhelming Parliamentary success over extreme White racialism. At the general election for the first Federal Parliament, held last week, the Federal Party won 24 out of the 26 directly elected seats, while the Confederate Party, its main opponent, managed to return only its leader. Within the racial limits of this election—of about 67,000 voters, less than 500 were Africans and less than 1,100 Indians—this result will bring comfort to those who believe in federation, and a measure of relief to those who do not. It is certainly encouraging that only a minority of White mineworkers on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt appears to have voted for the extremist Confederate Party—a fact which suggests that the racial opinions of these White mineworkers may not be so obtuse as their opponents paint them.

Sir Godfrey Huggins and his friends will now have an opportunity to show where they stand. Although full returns are not yet available, it would seem that the Europeans and most of the Africans elected and nominated to represent African interests are going to be men who are distrusted by, and even openly hostile towards, the nascent African parties which now exist in these territories. This Federal Parliament is one in which the African voice will be heard only with the greatest difficulty.

Railway Costs

A spokesman for the Transport Commission has told the Press that the cost (about £5m.) of the 4s. a week increase effective immediately in railwaymen's wages will have to be passed on to railway users in higher fares or freight charges. The remainder (at least £10m.) of the prospective bill to be met when the "additional percentage increases" in wages have been agreed is apparently to be covered by economies resulting from more efficient working. The Commission may entertain such hopes; but they are surely very sanguine—unless the N.U.R. can be induced to take a much more accommodating view of "redundancy." If, in fact, considerably more than £5m. has to be passed on to the public, then—short of a subsidy, which we believe to be the correct solution—a nice problem in economics arises. If freights are raised, there is an immediate new handicap on exports. But if fares are raised by more, say, than the extra farthing which would bring third-class fares up to 2d. a mile, then the impact on living costs might well be sufficient to set in motion a fresh round of wage demands, with effects ultimately as disadvantageous to the export trade.

Speculation—or Enterprise

Mr. Charles Clore, of Princes Investments, who ran second to Mr. Harold Samuel in "take-over" bidding for the Savoy Hotel, has been a *méchant animal*; he has retorted sharply, and not without logic, to the magisterial homily given by Mr. Butler and the Bank of England to financial institutions warning them not to assist in transactions of a "speculative" nature. Do they really mean, asks Mr. Clore, that this country can afford to let directors carry indolently on company's books assets which are under-developed or stagnant? It is a question to which the Chancellor and the "Old Lady" may be hard put to it to find a satisfactory answer. There are a good many Boards happy to spend comfortable lives, regardless of whether, with a little more trouble, some of the company's properties could be put to more economic uses.

PARIS

The Twitch on the Thread

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The immediate effect of Mr. Dulles's home truths was to throw alarm and despondency into the ranks of the supporters of E.D.C. and to provoke an explosion of indignation among all sections of the Press. Several rank-and-file pro-E.D.C. Deputies, such as M. Dupraz (M.R.P.) and M. Guerin de Beaumont (Independent) gained a brief moment of fame by issuing widely publicised statements that the cause of E.D.C. had been "irreparably damaged" by Mr. Dulles's "ill-chosen words." But once the cries of "brutal"—uttered by every single newspaper the morning after—had died down, politicians began to take a more realistic line. It soon became clear that the contents of Mr. Dulles's speech not only had the full backing of Eisenhower and Churchill, but were not entirely foreign to M. Bidault. At a Cabinet meeting next day, he reminded his colleagues that the Richards Amendment to M.S.A. had been common knowledge for some time, and that Eisenhower had no alternative but to abide by it should the French fail to ratify E.D.C.

Mr. Dulles, in fact, has posed nakedly the basic alternatives which transcend political differences among the majority French parties: either to come to heel and pass E.D.C., or to renounce American aid and, with it, any hope of making the present ramshackle economic structure carry on for another few years. As Dulles well knows, although there exists a majority opposed to E.D.C. in the Assembly, there also exists a larger and more homogeneous majority opposed to radical social change. When it comes to the point—and now, apparently, it has come to the point—the basic principles which govern this majority are likely to prove stronger than the rooted, but secondary, fear of E.D.C. For the moment, Deputies are giving vent to their indignation, but by the time February comes they will probably be ready to ratify. Already by the end of the week Mr. Dulles was gathering his first dividends. His threats undoubtedly helped to aggravate the confusion at Versailles and prevent what at one time seemed very likely—the election, on the first ballot, of an anti-E.D.C. president.

These same principles also work, very effectively, in Indo-China. In a remarkably prophetic article, published in *Le Monde* a few days before Mr. Dulles's bombshell, Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber argued that France's casualties in Indo-China were regarded by the Government merely as one side of a balance sheet: on the other, was American aid. Despite the almost unanimous wish of the French public to end the war, so long as the Government followed the principles of the balance sheet, the war would continue. This article was principally aimed at M. Edgar Faure, once one of Mendès-France's youthful protégés and now the financial hatchetman of the Right. In a reply almost incoherent with rage, M. Faure stated that he, personally, never linked "France's fearful losses" with the exigencies of the Budget, and that he regarded such a balance sheet as "obscene."

Nevertheless, the Government's policy in Indo-China during the past two weeks seems to confirm Servan-Schreiber's theory and to indicate that the "fearful losses" weigh pretty lightly in the scales. Despite their reiteration, Ho Chi Minh's peace offers have so far elicited no reply from the French, who appear to have received firm instructions at Bermuda. In Saigon, the Prime Minister, Van Tam, who was showing signs of taking the offer seriously, was summarily dismissed by Bao Dai and replaced by the Emperor's cousin, a Court hanger-on called Prince Bou Loc. Although Tam was originally a Paris nominee, the Government made no attempt to save him and a Quai d'Orsay spokesman, when questioned, coolly replied that "France never interferes in the internal affairs of Vietnam." Mr. Dulles's thread is a long one: when he twitches it, the response is slow in Paris, but in Saigon the puppets spin.

SYDNEY

The Right to Anonymity

A Sydney Correspondent writes: The main by-product of the recent Sydney City Council elections campaign—the Disclosure of Allegations Act—has evoked protests near and far, even from *The Times* and the Commonwealth Press Union. Some months ago, the *Sydney Morning Herald* fired the first shot with the publication of a vague general allegation of graft in the City Council, made by persons who remained unnamed. This was soon followed by specific allegations naming persons, places and amounts. At this stage, the Labour Party Central Executive, deciding that where there was smoke there might be fire, informed the various local branches of the party within the City area that it, not they, would select candidates for the office of Alderman in this election. The Executive then held a pre-election inquiry *in camera*; it examined the banking accounts and income of proposed candidates, withdrew endorsement for the re-election of certain sitting Aldermen, and chose others for a place on the Labour card.

This inquiry confirmed the suspicions of many people, and it was not long before the *Herald* was making fresh allegations. The cry was taken up in the N.S.W. Parliament, but a demand for a Royal Commission was defeated. Yet the allegations continued. In one edition, the *Herald* had the whole of its front page covered with "graft" items. Needless to say, editorials in all the four Sydney newspapers clamoured almost daily for a Royal Commission. Two Opposition members made specific allegations in the House and demanded a Royal Commission; this proposal was again defeated.

Throughout the storm, the Premier declared that he would not set up a Royal Commission, but that his Government was determined to ensure the punishment of any wrongdoing by the processes of law. These processes, however, could not operate without sufficient evidence to support a prosecution, and that evidence was not forthcoming. To determine a course of action, the Premier set up a sub-committee of three Ministers to consider the question. They produced the draft of the controversial Act, which was rapidly pushed through both Houses.

The Act provides that, if an Inspector of Police has reasonable grounds for believing that a person or corporation has information regarding allegations of corruption against any member of the Sydney City Council, he may make an affidavit to that effect, and a Supreme Court Judge may order the person or corporation to disclose his or its source of information. The maximum penalty for refusing to disclose the source after an Order has been made is £1,000 in the case of a corporation, or £500 or 12 months' gaol or both in the case of an individual. Such, at least, appeared to be the Act's intention; but a complication quickly arose. The first case (against the *Herald*) came up for hearing early in December. Mr. Justice Owen's reserved judgment held that the *Herald*, as a corporate body, could only be required under the Act to produce *documents*, whereas the prosecution had demanded "information," which was legally obtainable only from *individuals*. It remains to be seen whether the Attorney-General will start all over again and now proceed against the Editor. If he does, a curious problem will arise. The Code of Ethics of the Australian Journalists' Association contains a provision that no journalist shall under any circumstances disclose the source of any information given to him in confidence. This Code has been incorporated in the Journalists' Award made by the Federal Arbitration Court. Under the Court's Statute, any award made by it is to have the same force and effect as a Federal Act of Parliament. Under the Australian Constitution, if any Federal Act is inconsistent with a State Act, the latter is overridden to the extent of the inconsistency. Now that the City elections are over, and Labour again seems sure of a majority, the Government may be content to let an unpopular Act fade and vanish in the legal fog that seems certain to set in and which may, not inconceivably, drift to the Privy Council itself.

ROME

Strikes and Desperate Measures

Our Rome Correspondent writes: Of the two national stoppages—first, the strike of State employees; next, last Tuesday's industrial strike—the former had been expected to be the more damaging to Signor Pella's Government, against whose Civil Service Bill it was expressly directed. Rumours of a possible dissolution and of elections in the New Year had been current in some political quarters. As it turned out, although an estimated 65-85 per cent. of railwaymen stopped work, postal collections continued, with carabinieri escorts, and in the secretarial branches abstention from work was on a minor scale. The comparative failure of the strike was due partly to the last-minute defection of the Centre-party U.I.L. and the neo-Fascist C.I.S.N.L. The chief cause, however, was the Government's threat of sanctions against the strikers—a threat also implicit in the ban on strikes proposed by the Civil Service Bill.

Previously, the Chamber of Deputies had already passed an Order of the Day by the C.G.I.L. Secretary, Signor Di Vittorio, against these sanctions. The Government replied that it would seek to render this vote legally inoperative by making it a confidence issue in the Senate, where the Democristian majority over the Socialists and Communists is in proportion slightly greater. Meanwhile, a similar rather desperate measure was necessary to maintain the Government's position over the Amnesty Bill. An unexpected alliance of the M.S.I. with the extreme Left had succeeded in amending the Bill's first Article to extend the amnesty to political crimes committed since 1946; and the next day a further amendment added crimes of "vilification of the Republic." Both these amendments were bitterly opposed by the Christian Democrats. With the subsequent approval of Signor Pella, they voted for, and carried, the complete rejection of Article 1, temporarily cutting off their nose to save their face.

This manœuvre was made possible by the coalition of Monarchists and Christian Democrats, whose votes together outnumber by twelve even the unlikely alliance of all other parties. But there are one or two danger signs for Signor Pella's present majority. The first is the anxiety of certain Monarchists over "demagogic" tendencies within the Government. The second is the nucleus of rebellion in the Democristian Left Wing, centred round the directorate of the C.I.S.L. The latter, apart from its recent co-operation with the Communist C.G.I.L., has now extended a significant feeler towards the "lay democratic" parties of the Centre—themselves seeking Parliamentary allies to create a "front."

Private Practice and the Health Service

(By a Medical Specialist)

MRS. A. took her child to hospital to see a surgeon, who advised her that the child would not get well without an operation. The waiting time under the Scheme was about a year, but if she was prepared to pay 25 guineas she could have it done privately without delay. How can such a thing happen in the N.H.S., whose purpose is to make the same standard of treatment available to all, irrespective of their means? The answer is that certain specialists who work in the Health Service are allowed private practice.

When the National Health Service was introduced, specialists entering it were offered the choice between whole-time and part-time work. At present, however, about a third of the consultant posts advertised are whole-time. Over a third are part-time contracts for 2 to 9 sessions a week, and the rest offer the choice between a whole-time contract and a part-time for the maximum number of sessions (9 a week). The whole-time consultant's salary scale is from £1,700 at the age of 32 to £2,750 at 40, while the part-time specialist is paid on a sessional basis: for 9 sessions a week he earns 9½/11ths of the corresponding whole-time salary, or from £1,468 to £2,375 a year. In addition, he has the following advantages over his whole-time colleague: he can earn up to £840 a year for domiciliary visits, making a total of £3,215, and the larger salary entitles him to a higher pension; he is paid a travelling allowance of up to £190 a year for routine journeys between his home or consulting room and his main hospital; and he has the right to engage in private practice, and can secure income-tax relief on many of his expenses.

Both whole-time and part-time consultants are eligible for one of the three grades of merit award, given for exceptional ability or outstanding work (the part-time consultant's share being proportional to his number of sessions). The first grade award of £2,500 a year goes to 4 per cent. of consultants, the second (£1,500) to 10 per cent., and the third (£500) to 20 per cent. A lower grade of specialist, the S.H.M.O., or senior hospital medical officer, is paid from £1,300 to £1,750 for whole-time work, and proportionately for part-time. The part-time S.H.M.O. enjoys most of the special privileges of the part-time consultant without being eligible for a merit award.

"Pay-beds" were continued at those hospitals where they already existed, and newly established at most other hospitals. The avowed reason for this policy was to make it possible for a part-time specialist to charge fees within a hospital which already paid him an adequate salary. He would, so it was said, otherwise encourage his private patients to enter nursing homes, which were increasingly inadequate to the practice of modern medicine and surgery.

The combination of private practice and work under the Scheme has not proved an ideal one, for several reasons. First, it leads to the introduction of commercial practices like "guinea-pigging," by which the patient, by paying a fee to the specialist, is enabled "to jump the queue" for admission to the ordinary hospital beds. A domiciliary visit, for which the State pays the part-time specialist 4 guineas, may serve the same purpose. Secondly, the fact that a part-time specialist working in the Health Service can also engage in private practice, gives patients the impression that there are two different standards of treatment—one private and one public—and it is in the part-time specialist's interest to foster this distinction. Otherwise, why should anyone consult him privately? Thirdly, in a recent Parliamentary debate on "pay-beds," examples were quoted of these beds, when not required for private patients, being kept empty "in order that specialists may be able to offer their patients who can afford to pay beds at once," while ordinary patients had to wait "three or six months, or even longer, for an operation or for treatment." Furthermore, it is to the part-time specialist's advantage that there should be long waiting lists for "free" treatment. This forces patients who can afford to pay to have private treatment.

Again, the part-time specialist, to maximise his opportunities for private practice and domiciliary visiting, must get on the staff of as many hospitals as possible. When he does so, it often entails long journeys with unpunctual attendance at clinics, and results in work that could be done at a hospital by one whole-time consultant's being shared amongst two or three part-timers, whose infrequent visits keep out-patients off work longer than necessary, and slow down the turnover of in-patients. It often means that Registrar "cover" must be provided where it would otherwise not be needed.

Other reasons why fractionising one consultant's work proves so expensive are that it wastes the time of junior medical staff, nurses, and secretaries because it multiplies their duties, and that the part-time specialist is allowed up to one hour's travelling-time out of each three-and-a-half-hour session and paid travelling expenses as well. At one hospital a fifth of the sum paid to part-time consultants is for travelling expenses. In contrast, the whole-time specialist usually prefers his work to be less widely scattered and to live near his main hospital (as he gets no travelling-time or allowance for routine journeys to and from it), so he is more readily available at all time, and especially in an emergency.

A further point is that the outlook of the part-time specialist is essentially individualistic, which makes it difficult for him to give disinterested advice to hospital management committees and Regional Hospital Boards about his own speciality, or indeed about the specialities of those of his colleagues who send him private patients.

Finally, during 1952, the number of part-time consultants employed by the 14 Regional Boards in England and Wales rose from 3,962 to 4,196, and the number of whole-time from 1,434 to 1,535. In striking contrast with these figures, the number of part-time consultants employed by the Newcastle Regional Board rose from 183 to 248 during 1952, and the number of whole-time fell from 139 to 110. In December, 1952, Newcastle, following the example of a few other Regional Boards, allowed both established and newly appointed specialists (except psychiatrists) the choice between a whole-time contract and a part-time for the maximum number of sessions—hence the drop in the number of whole-time consultants. Pressure is being exerted on the recalcitrant Boards to induce them to give specialists this choice. If these Boards yield, and present trends continue, young specialists will naturally be attracted into these specialities, and tend to settle in those areas (the wealthy suburbs of large towns), that offer most scope for private practice and domiciliary visiting. Thus the even distribution of specialists throughout the country, which the Spens Committee envisaged, will not be achieved. Patients in rural and industrial areas who cannot afford private treatment will be little better off than they were before the Scheme was introduced.

The main criticism of whole-time service is that the financial "incentives" of private practice are necessary to induce a specialist to give of his best, and that whole-time specialists, who lack these "incentives," must therefore be lazy and incompetent. These assertions are an outrageous slander on the profession as a whole and a flat denial of its code of ethics, which demands that a doctor should be "dedicated" (in the true sense of the word) to his work. Reward (over and above a reasonable standard of living compared with other professions) is supposedly a secondary consideration; yet the arguments put forward for the retention of private practice within the Health Service were more appropriate to a trade union dispute about the rates for piece-work than to the negotiations of a professional body. Teachers, scientists, journalists, have all long abandoned the fee. So have the modern counterparts of the famous figures in medicine, who now hold professorial posts in the universities. It is these men who are responsible, not only for nine-tenths of the research work, but for setting the standard of medical practice, which is inevitably degraded by putting the doctor in the position of receiving a tip. The medical profession has forfeited much of the respect and confidence of the general public, and will not regain the ground lost until it substitutes the ideals of personal and social service for the piratical ethics of business.

It is surely obvious that the best medical treatment will not be made available to all, irrespective of their means, and that the Health Service will not be run efficiently and economically, until it becomes a whole-time salaried one. In the meantime, as Mr. Bevan has recently suggested, we could make some progress towards the goal by "narrowing the gulf between the status of the part-time and the full-time specialist."

London Diary

NOTHING illustrates better the tension inside the Tory Party over the Canal than the case of the 10 M.P.s and their much-discussed visit to Cairo. The facts are worth bringing into the open. Some months ago, the Egyptian Embassy began sounding a number of Members, on both sides, about the possibility of their accepting an Egyptian Government invitation to pay a goodwill visit to Cairo in January. The first action by those approached was to inquire from the Foreign Office whether such a visit would be acceptable to the British Government. The Foreign Office placed no obstacle in its way. The next step was to find 10 Members prepared to make the trip. No formal invitation was issued by the Egyptian Government until they had reason to suppose both that the Foreign Office would raise no objection and that those invited were likely to accept. The visit would, no doubt, have gone off according to plan (in spite of routine grumbling by the *Daily Express* and the uninvited), if it had not been for last week's meeting of the 1922 Committee. To the credit of the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden, they resisted the strong pressure put upon them to break off negotiations with Neguib. But Mr. Eden deferred to representations that the visit of the M.P.s should be dropped. Official pressure was accordingly brought to bear on any Tory M.P.s who might have been thinking of going, and, as a result, no acceptors could be found. Two comments seem to be worth making on all this. First, it is possible that the visit would have turned out to be awkwardly timed in the light of Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. But who could have said that last week? It was not due to take place until the second week of January; and cer-

tainly the reason for the Government's sudden change of attitude after the 1922 Committee meeting was the desire to throw a sop to Captain Waterhouse. Secondly, the Egyptian Government had taken very great trouble to observe protocol and to issue only such invitations as they supposed would be acceptable. If it is true, as is alleged, that the Tory M.P.s had given the Egyptian Embassy reason to suppose they would accept the invitation, last week-end's insulting, public refusal was inexcusably ill-mannered.

* * *

Aneurin Bevan's defence, in last week's Foreign Affairs debate, of his article in an Egyptian newspaper was pretty effective on all counts. As a Parliamentary performance, it was a telling one, despite some very disingenuous newspaper reports; while its argument was properly founded on the precedent attaching to Privy Councillors (here he cited Sir Winston and Lord Randolph Churchill with great effect) and on normal journalistic practice. The syndication of articles in a number of countries is something which every writer hopes for, though most of us are insufficiently interesting to achieve it; and it would have been an extraordinary act on Mr. Bevan's part had he forbidden publication in Egypt of a piece which was bound to be of so much interest to Egyptians. His real defence, however, came unwittingly from the Tory benches. As one who has made a close study of party dissension, I am prepared to guess that the harsh words spoken by Tory to Tory in this debate, as well as the uncompromising way in which Mr. Eden turned down the rebels' demands, may foreshadow a division in the Tory Party as pregnant of consequences as the Bevanite resignations in the Labour Government. In these circumstances, Mr. Bevan did not have to labour the point that the newspaper attack on him was a crude attempt to distract public attention from the Tory rebellion. I can't help adding that lack of patriotism is a strange charge to be made against him by men who are exerting every possible effort to prevent a lasting settlement of one of Britain's most burdensome problems. Mr. Bevan's real service is perhaps to show the world—including the Egyptians—that most English people have more sense, as well as better manners, than a good many Tory politicians.

* * *

Surely something has gone wrong with the Reith Lectures? The original conception—and a fine one—was to bring the foremost thinkers into communication with the mass of normally intelligent listeners at a peak listening hour. I should be interested to know how many have travelled the whole of this year's course with Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer. Those, I suspect few, who survived to follow him last Sunday to the summit, found the final stages of the ascent the easiest. The previous five lectures had proved, I fear, in different ways too tough for each of the two principal groups of his listeners. The scientists, who presumably understood the physics, seem to have found the main stream of the argument elusive, while those agile humanists, who caught the skirts of his argument, were floored by the science. Perhaps the most important thing he told us—or, at any rate, the most profound which I could grasp—was that the study of sub-atomic particles has reminded scientists that behaviour, even in the material universe, is not entirely predictable; that the mere function of measurement changes the nature of the observation. The nuclear physicist can learn a limited amount from the direct study of a particle; for the rest he has to rely on probability, the statistical observation of such particles. Oppenheimer's analogy between this and individual man, in his relation to his group and to the community, was effective and intelligible. But looking back on the six lectures (and looking forward to their re-broadcast in the Third, beginning next month), I conclude that they failed in their purpose; and I hate saying it. For Dr. Oppenheimer is just the sort of man who should be asked to do the Reith Lectures. One of the handful who stand at the very pinnacle of nuclear physics, he has at the same time an unusually wide understanding of what he himself has called the other mansions in the house of knowledge. He is, moreover, both a philosopher and a poet. His sense of poetry, indeed, led him, from time to time, into a mellifluous oratory, unexpectedly soothing to the ear but disconcertingly soporific to the brain. If the B.B.C. should ever desire to commission a physicist to write new words for Haydn's *Creation*, Oppenheimer is the man. But if they want to bring home to ordinary listeners the challenge and limitations of contemporary science, they must somehow bring the teacher a little nearer to the level of the class.

* * *

I hope the B.B.C. will keep some sense of proportion about the news value of The Tour. So far I have the impression that its news bulletins have been more sycophantic and time-wasting than even the daily Press. Last Sunday, for instance, the Queen of Tonga's Farewell took precedence, at wearisome length, over the French Presidency, the Republican election programme, the Pakistan Note to Moscow, the Paris airport strike and Mr. Gilbert Harding's indisposition. By contrast, the *Daily Mail*—not to be considered an over lofty standard of comparison—put the story on an inside page the following morning, and at only a column's length. It would be alarming to think that the news-room of Broadcasting House had been captured by subversive elements seeking to blunt the public affection for the Crown by forcing the consumption of a sickening surfeit of Royalty.

* * *

Nostalgia about the old-fashioned Christmas seems perennial. Yet, as *Weather*, the journal of the Royal Meteorological Society points out, the idea of a "White Xmas" must indeed be old-fashioned, for there haven't been more than half a dozen this century. In fact, we owe this sentimental myth, as we do the Christmas tree, to the Prince Consort and his Germanic snows. In Britain, snow has never been natural to December; and, since the retreat of the ice-cap, there have been more occasions when it has decorated the Vernal Equinox than the Winter Solstice. In deploring the mild winter and hoping it will give place to something more seasonable, I seem to be in a minority among my friends; but science is on my side. Winters without snow and frost can have serious effects on the soil, and a snow drought will be felt later on in dry springs and thirsty reservoirs.

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More embarrassing is the immediate effect of this year's weather, not only on the Continental resorts, but on our own market gardens. Covent Garden has been inundated with a flood of vegetables and fruit: raspberries have, for instance, this week been gathered in London gardens. The growers have been pouring greens into the market, until the price has slumped. Now, even in mid-winter, many market gardeners have given up gathering in their crops of greenery. Resentful though I feel for most of the year at the horticultural industry's persistent attempts to sponge on the consumer, I am prepared as a gesture of Christmas goodwill to sympathise with the gardeners at an unexpected blow. Not, however, with the merchants. My local flower-seller tells me that the Saturday before Christmas the wholesale price of flowers was arbitrarily multiplied by three. And one-and-sixpence a bloom for poorish sixpenny chrysanthemums stretches my goodwill too far. Holly and Christmas trees are also dearer this year. I wish I knew why. The holly, to be sure, is splendidly berried—or rather it was when Nature finished with it. But for ten days past, the berries have formed a slippery carpet on the streets of Covent Garden. Each year, the commercial racket of Christmas starts earlier; and, this year, most of the holly and mistletoe seems to have been cut so early that, in the week before Christmas, it is hard to find any in London which hasn't lost its freshness and half its berries.

* * *

A friend, back in Paris after four years, incautiously chose an unfamiliar restaurant. The meal was terrible, and he called the waiter to complain. Yes, the waiter agreed, the food was awful. Why not try the little place across the road? My friend asked why the waiter was so sure it was good. "Because I own it," he replied. "This," he shrugged at his surroundings, "is where I find my clients."

FLAVUS

THIS XMAS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

It will be strange to hear the Queen on Christmas Day and to know that, this time, it is we who are on the other side of the world.—*Daily Mail*. (J. M. Lebrecht-Ellis.)

The question is, do you want your Christmas Card to achieve anything. Are they mailed as Goodwill to All Men . . . or only to those with whom the Company wishes to remain associated?—*Direct Advertising*. (M. Harrison.)

The Federation's Christmas Lecture for Children will be delivered by Mr. —, who has chosen as his title "Explosives in the Service of Man."—Advt. by *Manchester Federation of Scientific Societies*. (P. Lennox-Kerr.)

In our own day at this time of the year those that have eyes to see can read the Christmas story of goodwill and good cheer in the Clearing House returns.—Advt. in *Bolton Evening News*. (R. Taylor.)

I suggest that a Comet or other British airplane staffed with a really British Father Christmas and suitable aides, and equipped with British gifts, definitely marked "Made in Britain," should make a seasonal visit to as many countries of the world as can be covered. The Spirit of Christmas would be very much underlined by such a visit, and the trip would also have its cumulative effect on lessening world tension.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (John Galloway.)

This Christmas Asprey's offer, at £5 10s., a gold-and-Perspex aspirin-and-Veganin holder.—*Observer*. (A. Brodie.)

The Decline of Reporting

ONLY readers of the daily Press who are too young to remember pre-war performance, and readers who are not very critical (but then are not these in the majority?) will have failed to note the very serious decline in both the scope and the quality of our reporting over the last ten or twelve years. I am not concerned here to argue the case of home affairs, or to decide how far inquiries by telephone are an effective substitute for reporters' legs. As an old war horse in the field of foreign reporting, I cannot but deplore the lamentable shortcomings of our present international news coverage.

This decline I attribute to several factors, of which the following three are probably the most important.

(1) Restriction of the areas in the world where unobstructed reporting is possible at all.

(2) Survival of wartime controls in the form of "briefings" and other direct and indirect methods used by the Foreign Office in subtly "suggesting" to the Press what it wants said on this or that international issue, with the consequent establishment of a certain code of conduct on the part of the "Diplomatic Correspondents," who, during and since the war, have tended, more and more, to take the line of least resistance.

(3) In the case of foreign correspondents, certain subtle forms of "moral" bribery to which they submit and, on the other hand, certain much less subtle forms of intimidation to which they are subjected.

There are other difficulties which have greatly increased since pre-war days: for instance, the expense of keeping correspondents abroad, or even of sending "specials" to the more remote parts of the globe, however "newsworthy." To this might be added the relative lack of interest in foreign affairs on the part of readers of the popular Press. But these are subsidiary difficulties. The main difficulties, affecting the quality of even our most serious papers, arise, I believe, from the three basic points which I have enumerated above.

First, reporting has, especially since 1947–48, become almost impossible from countries of the Soviet bloc—though, let us hope, this may now change, as so much else has recently been changing in Russia. But the fact remains that, for the last five or six years, a vast part of the world has been virtually closed to any sort of more or less informative reporting. The tendency on the part of the Russians has been—in so far as they admitted any reporters—to admit people least qualified to write intelligently about the country. If they did not know a word of Russian they had a better chance of getting in than if they spoke the language and mixed, as Michel Gordey of *France-Soir* did, with at least a small number of "ordinary" people. His articles were, on the whole, fairly favourable; but the Russians were thoroughly dissatisfied. I had a similar experience in Czechoslovakia in 1949; I was denounced, first, as a Communist agent by certain Czech *émigrés* in London, and, a week or two later, as a "notorious British spy" in *Rude Prava* by the late lamented André Simone (who, three years later, was to be hanged as a spy himself!). In short, the moment you touched any Communist country, and tried to write about it in a balanced way, you came up against every variety of cold war lunacy. It became quite hopeless.

We don't go in for such crudities in a decent democratic country like Britain. But that is not to say that the Press is as free as a lot of uninitiated people imagine. The survival of wartime controls and all kinds of forms of Government pressure on journalists are very real things. There is, for example, an institution that scarcely existed before the war—which might be described as the Diplomatic Correspondents' Corps. It is a fairly select and almost closed fraternity, working in close co-operation with the News Department of the Foreign Office. I noted with melancholy the other day the great satisfaction expressed in the London Correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian* over the present technique of covering international conferences and "diplomatic" news generally.

> By 1941, some progress had been made in persuading the Foreign Office that a responsible Press was a lesser danger than an irresponsible one, and that a correspondent could be responsible only if he was adequately informed . . . This battle has been finally won.

Here the *M.G.* writer certainly raised a fundamental question affecting the very nature of news and balanced information, and then gracefully dodged it. Unless one is to suppose—a horrifying thought—that he is fully satisfied with that beastly thing called "briefing." But "briefing" is, unfortunately, the *mot juste*. The F.O. does, indeed, tell the Press—or rather, suggests to the Press—exactly what to say; and this may be seen from the striking similarity of all reports on international conferences that appear in the British Press, with almost invariably the same points emphasised. The battle has, by the look of it, been "finally won." But by whom? I should say, by the F.O., and not by the Press.

"At the peril of its soul," C. P. Scott wrote, "a newspaper must see that the supply of news is not tainted. Neither in what it gives, nor in what it does not give, nor in the mode of presentation, must the unclouded face of truth suffer wrong. Comment is free, but facts are sacred. Propaganda, so called, by this means is hateful. The voice of opponents, no less than that of friends, has a right to be heard . . ."

How infinitely far have we travelled from these lofty principles! No doubt, times change and conditions change. But are we not ignoring C. P. Scott's rules rather *too* much? Let me explain. The "mutual confidence" that, we are now told, exists between the F.O. News Department and the Press is, indeed, so complete as to amount to a kind of unwritten gentlemen's agreement. And there is no doubt that, if a Diplomatic Correspondent today were to give a version different from the official one, he would soon hear about it, and be treated both by his colleagues and by the F.O. as a bit of a cad. If, let us say, the British and French Governments were, at an international conference, to disagree on some question, the Diplomatic Correspondent is today expected to stress the official British point of view and to say nothing, or as little, and as unfavourably as possible, about the French point of view. "The voice of opponents" no longer has much right to be heard. In the circumstances, few jobs are easier than that of the Diplomatic Correspondent; almost any typist could do it. There is a premium on indolence.

Personally I have always preferred to the "confident co-operation" with authority the healthy scepticism reflected in the outrageous remark of the late Robert Dell: "It *must* be true; the Quai d'Orsay has *denied* it." Though not to be taken literally, it still strikes me as a sound maxim to be borne in mind both in relation to the Quai and the F.O. For think how more interesting it used to be, in the old days at Geneva, for instance, to get Mr. Eden into a corner, and Signor Grandi, and Mr. Litvinov, and this or that senior or junior delegate, and to "pump" them. Reporting, in the more responsible journals, was *not* inaccurate as a result of this method. Far from it. A skilled correspondent not only usually got the facts right, but sometimes secured "scoops" which were of real public service: for instance, the discovery, at the Stresa Conference in 1935, that Laval and Ramsay MacDonald had given Mussolini a free hand in Abyssinia—a fact not to be learned from any "briefing." One shudders to think how Abyssinia, Spain or Munich would have been "covered" in the British Press if it had depended exclusively (as it in fact does today) on the handouts and "briefings" of a Baldwinite or Chamberlainite Foreign Office! Yet at international conferences today it is somehow considered "not done" for British correspondents to take too great an interest in the Press conferences given by *other* delegations, when the F.O. gives you all that's good for you. And it's ever so much simpler, too! I must say that, at such international meetings, I have found both the American and the French correspondents much more inquisitive and painstaking. "Enterprising" journalism could be very bad; but it could also be very good—much better than what we normally get in the Press today, with the well-groomed uniformity of its "diplomatic" and, indeed, most of its international news.

Finally, a few words about pressures exercised on foreign correspondents abroad. I shall only mention France, which I know best. The Press in France itself is almost anarchically free. But does this apply to foreign correspondents living in France? I am not so sure. The tendency among most of them, I regret to say, is to "keep in" with the authorities, and to avoid "difficulties" of any kind. Avoid referring to the Duclos-and-the-pigeons episode as a police frame-up. Be sure to agree with the official version that Ferhad Hached, the Tunisian trade union leader, was murdered by Tunisians. You will then be quite all right, and, in a year or two, you will almost automatically get the *Légion d'Honneur* and be treated as *un ami de la France*. The little red ribbon has been a very effective weapon in the hands of the Quai; and most correspondents prefer not to expose themselves to unpleasantness. "*Pas d'histoires*" is so much simpler.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Soviet Values

[The author of the following article returned recently from a visit to the U.S.S.R.]

IF neither side had drawn an iron curtain, and if on both sides there was an equal maximum of goodwill, it would still, in some ways, be a disturbing experience to go to Moscow. And particularly so for the English liberal or Left intellectual. He may have certain ideals in common with the Soviet regime, but he will nevertheless find all his habitual attitudes, all his familiar standards reversed. Put at its most platitudinous, this is because the Left in Russia has been solidly in power—never in Opposition—for thirty-six years. Then, added to this, there is the factor of the very different historical contexts in which we and the Russians live. This affects, far more than is generally realised, our emotional attitude to the Soviet Union.

In nineteenth-century Britain there was a general belief in inevitable and universal progress. We now realise that this belief was an illusion. Therefore we tend to feel that *any* straightforward belief in assured material progress is naive. An acute sense of morality—so that almost every issue became a moral one—was another feature of our nineteenth century. We now see that

this sense of morality was often hypocritical. Therefore we tend to resent *any* generally accepted, official sense of morality. And it also works the other way round. We or our fathers revolted against past injustices in the name of the only thing we had left—individual conscience. Therefore we tend to suspect that *any* limiting of complete freedom, *any* narrowing down of the paramount necessity of individual conscience, must be despotism. For the Russians, on the other hand, the nineteenth century, far from being a period against which it is necessary to react, is now seen, in the light of what has subsequently happened, as a period of positive awakening, of revolutionary genius.

Even if the visitor thinks through this historical difference, the first problem still remains. With "progressives" no longer in opposition, one is faced with a quite different sense of scale. In England, the Left is constantly fighting for stop-gap victories: to defeat a Rents Act, to re-subsidise food. In the U.S.S.R., the prospect is one of a whole sequence of Five Year Plans. The Soviet people have what can only be called a reverence for the future. Their sense of tradition almost works back to front, so that, for example, the brand-new Moscow University has the symbolic, *historical* significance for them, that a Gothic cathedral might have for us. Hence, in the resulting atmosphere of hopeful confidence, people put up with certain hard conditions fairly easily because they accept them as temporary. Hence, too, there is a great deal of empirical experiment: if part of a new building looks wrong, then pull it down; if an argument is proved false by the facts, then drop it—they're mere details.

It is because of this that the Western "progressive" can be disproportionately shocked by the wooden Moscow slums or the Lysenko controversy. The planned, steady transformation of Moscow from a wooden, almost feudal township to a Socialist capital, or the fact that the percentage of young Soviet people receiving highly specialised scientific training is over three times that in this country, concern less immediate—and therefore, he instinctively feels, less "true"—arguments. Again, he will be faced with what seems a suspicious sense of conformity. He can remember, with pride, being called a heretic himself, and so finds it hard to accept that the heretic is not always the same thing as a hero. He has to make a considerable imaginative leap to realise that if Socialism had been achieved, his duty might be to expose heresy, *not* to profess or encourage it. He may find it exhilarating in Moscow to be amongst people who haven't all got chips on their shoulders; he may be told that what the Russians most dislike about the West is its alleged "uniformity"—the point being, not that the charge is necessarily true, but that only people with a developed sense of individuality themselves could formulate such an allegation. But he will still remain puzzled by the general unity of opinion.

The explanation is that a one-party, one-class system means that debates are far less about the nature of the standards by which actions are to be judged, than about how they can be applied. Unused, to this, the Western progressive may tend to feel that fundamental principles have been forgotten simply because they are not disputed, or that the apparent unity about them is not genuine simply because, for him, unity has come to mean unity in the face of opposition. He will also find other, less directly political, attitudes reversed. The Russian attitude to sex, for instance. He will probably welcome the absence of constant public incitation to sex—there is no advertising and no commercialised culture—and he will probably appreciate an atmosphere which is the exact opposite of "brash." Yet he may find Russians' lack of interest in "glamour" dull, their discretion about sex inhibited. For, after all, it was with Freud, not Marx, that we overthrew—if not the social structure—at least the authority of our parents.

Then there is the famous "Russian spirituality" which shows itself in their concern for "the inner feeling" of a person, a place, a work of art. Often this "inner feeling" comes to the same thing as the poetic quality of "the typical"—a quality that transcends the personality of the person or object that has it. Popular emotion about Stalin or such-and-such a Stakhanovite is much more to do with this than with any personal idolatry. But it may well strike a Western rationalist as odd. Or the Russians' love of fantasy. The best example is the Poetic Theatre, where all magical devices—green lights for witches, thunder storms, oak trees being struck by lightning, transformation scenes—are applauded with great enthusiasm. From this love of fantasy comes the Russians' love of elaboration, the "fairy castle" skyscrapers, the "Café-Royal" Metro palaces, their enjoyment of narrative in painting and sculpture. All very well, but the Western progressive is probably a functionalist. Hence, as I began by saying, under any circumstances it is a disturbing experience to go to Moscow: disturbing, above all, because in Moscow one is partly in the nineteenth century, partly in the twenty-first. From both angles one sees one's own society, one's own culture, one's own personality in a new historical perspective.

JOHN BERGER

Thoughts in the Wilderness

THE HESPERIDES CONFERENCE

THE Hesperides Conference was on the highest level and of exceptional size. Not only were all the leaders of the Great Powers there but also all their foreign ministers, chiefs of staffs, and top busybodies. Experts on foreign affairs and leading political commentators from America, Russia, Britain and France descended upon the island, to grumble about the small back bedrooms that had been allotted to them. Articles discussing the possible results of the Conference appeared in the world's Press. They were as usual quite futile but at least provided their writers with a fair living. Highly paid reporters, flown to the island at enormous expense, told their readers, at an overall cost of about ten pounds a word, that the cigars smoked by the British Prime Minister seemed half an inch longer than usual, that the President of the United States was already playing golf, that the members of the Soviet Delegation had been seen eating caviare and drinking vodka. Newsreel men took the usual shots of bigwigs meeting and greeting other bigwigs at the airport. The F.B.I. investigated the salad chef of the Hotel Bristol. The Russians installed two microphones (which did not work) into the smoke room of the Savoy-Plaza Hotel. A member of the French Delegation plunged into a rapturous affair with a honey-coloured American secretary. An oldish member of the British Delegation began taking a strong interest in the piano-accordion player at the Beach Café-Bar. Two American correspondents, after four hours of bourbon-on-the-rocks, swung punches at each other and broke twelve glasses. The weather was beautiful. The Conference began.

It was during the third morning, when the head of the Russian Delegation was making a speech about everything, that several high-level personages first lost consciousness. As usual there had been plenty of yawns and several men had dropped off, but that was only to be expected. When, however, the session was adjourned for lunch, and the French Foreign Minister, among others, refused to wake up, it was realised that this was no ordinary bout of somnolence. By nightfall, after the British Delegation's cocktail party had been abandoned, all the leaders and Foreign Ministers had succumbed to this mysterious malady and had lost consciousness. Most of the chiefs of staffs and junior Ministers and expert advisers crawled to their beds during the following twenty-four hours. On the fifth day, the Hesperides Conference was in a coma.

Lord Ward and Sir Thomas Tittlemouse arrived by special plane from London. Doctors Elmer K. Jefferson and Herman Funf were rushed from Johns Hopkins to the American Delegation. Professor Oskarvitz, from Moscow, and Professor Nicolia, of Erivan, came to look after the Soviet representatives. Paris, Lyons and Marseilles sent their finest specialists to examine the unconscious French politicians, soldiers, and officials. The games room of the Savoy-Plaza was turned over to the medical men, who began to hold a sort of conference themselves, and once they felt certain that their distinguished patients were in no immediate danger, began to enjoy themselves. The best resources of these hotels were now at their disposal. They were able to compare notes on this and other medical problems. The weather was still beautiful. The young Frenchman and the honey-coloured American secretary were still highly conscious, at least of each other, and had a glorious time.

Most of the foreign affairs experts, who had already begun sketching out articles called *After Hesperides—What?*, were victims of the strange sleeping sickness, remaining motionless in their little back bedrooms, now as good as any other. But the reporters in general had escaped the malady, and now they despatched hundreds of thousands of words to the astonished world, giving the verdicts of the assembled medical men and describing the amazing scene with all the wealth of adjectives at their command. The newsreel men were not allowed to film the unconscious great; but some excellent shots were made of less important victims and it was clearly indicated that if you had seen one you had seen, in effect, the lot. With the result that news-reel theatres in every capital city did wonderful business.

Bulletins were broadcast and published in the Press every few hours during the first days, and then daily after a week or two. There were as many theories as there were doctors on the spot. What was certain, after a week or so, was that nobody was in immediate danger, all pulses and respiration being excellent, that all the victims were in something more than a sound long sleep but in nothing more than a very light coma, and that there seemed no reason why they should not wake up as suddenly as they fell asleep. It was generally agreed too that the older delegates, who had existed under a severe strain for years and had made far too many journeys by plane, would probably benefit from this enforced immobility and lack of consciousness. One theory, indeed, took as its basis the idea that the root cause was mental rather than physical, taking the form of a group regression of libido.

Meanwhile, in all the countries concerned, no new appointments were made to places of power. The highest Offices of State remained vacant.

Foreign Ministries, robbed of their most influential and forceful personalities and much of their authority, limited themselves to modest routine work. The various Governments, not feeling themselves competent to deal on a high level with foreign relations, concentrated upon home affairs, and even here tended to act with caution and restraint. The international situation remained as it was when the Hesperides Conference first assembled. And as most of the experts and leading commentators were themselves still unconscious on the island, and editors shrank from asking other writers to occupy their space, the more serious newspapers and periodicals in the chief capitals of the world devoted more and more of their columns to the discussion of non-political subjects, such as the arts, sciences, philosophy, travel, and the relations between men and women. And the discovery of two new fascinating games to be played on TV at once captured the more popular papers of the U.S., Britain and France. In Russia, the Press, uncertain what line to take on any subject, dwindled until it almost disappeared.

As weeks passed into months, however, and the Hesperides Conference still remained unconscious, it was only in theory that the international situation stayed the same. As the Conference was officially still in progress, and had not yet announced its decisions, no action, no bold pronouncement in foreign affairs, was considered possible. This state of things soon brought about its own changes. For the first time for many years no important speeches were made, denouncing the West from the East, the East from the West. No new crusade against Communism was mentioned. World revolution was placed in cold storage. Neither God nor the historic destiny of mankind was loudly proclaimed an ally. No threats, no jeers, were exchanged. Even Anglo-American and Franco-British relations, being no longer examined and commented on at a high level, now failed to reach any crises. The Press no longer warned its readers that the hour was at hand. No radio talks asked listeners to stand firm.

Millions of people who had been weighed down with feelings of fear, hate, horror and guilt, now found themselves living in a different world. At last they could breathe freely. They began to make sensible long-term plans for the future. Many groups of scientists, freed temporarily from their researches into the possibilities of atomic and biological warfare, ventured, timidly at first but then with growing confidence, to divert their research into harmless and possibly useful channels. Having a chance at last to mind their own business, the countries represented at the Conference began making some effort to improve the conditions of life, to lighten the burdens of their citizens. Diplomats and minor officials, able for the time being to ignore time-old foreign policies that had never brought anything but disaster, often converted the very scenes of recurring crises into friendly meeting-places. As the chief representatives of the power motive were still unconscious, the power motive itself rapidly lost force and momentum. All the machinery of ideological and national propaganda, lacking the guiding hand, fell into disuse, and plans were eagerly made to spend the vast sums of money now saved, chiefly on various amenities that the overtaxed citizens had hitherto been unable to afford. Without Presidents, Prime Ministers, Foreign Secretaries, the Americans, British and French did not know what was happening to Anglo-American and Franco-British relations; and for the first time for years began to get along quite nicely. There was even talk of temporarily suspending the rules and regulations about visas and passports. The easy freedom of the pre-1914 world was almost in sight.

It was then that a brilliant young pathologist from Barcelona arrived at the Hesperides. He had a theory, which he explained to the assembled doctors. He also had a small supply of a new and very powerful antibiotic, which he begged to be allowed to inject into three or four of the unconscious men. He was certain it would bring them out of their coma. Finally, he was given permission to treat one chief of staff, one Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and one economic adviser. Within an hour, all three were not only awake but beginning to make angry speeches or to demand secretaries to attend them so that they could dictate aggressive memos. It was a triumph for the young man from Barcelona, who declared that if he were given the necessary facilities, he could return within two or three weeks with a sufficient supply of his remedy to revivify the whole Conference. As he announced this, through the long corridors where peace and quiet had reigned for many months, loud angry voices were heard. The medical men exchanged long inquiring glances. They were well aware of what had been happening in the world during the time the Conference had slept.

They escorted the young man back to their headquarters, the former games room of the hotel, securely barred from the Press. They looked thoughtfully at him. They exchanged more dubious glances. *What was their decision?* No prizes are offered for the best replies.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Temptation of Anthony

On Christmas Eve the Devil came and tempted Anthony in his attic. For a young man not yet thirty, and passably good looking, Anthony was spending Christmas Eve in an unusual way. When the Devil came stealthily upon him about ten o'clock, he was alone and in darkness, except for the dim rays of a tiny gas fire. He was seated cross-legged on the floor in a traditional Yogic pose known as Siddhasana, and he had not moved a muscle for five hours.

It was a pleasant change, reflected the Devil, having someone like Anthony to deal with. One of the results of popular education was that anyone could acquaint himself with the techniques of mysticism or Yoga, and renounce the world in the old-fashioned way. After a few weeks or months of the monastic life they were easy game; they fell from grace so hard and so far that the Devil nearly split his sides with laughter. He hadn't had so much of this kind of sport since the Middle Ages.

There were, unfortunately, a tiny minority who had proved impervious to all his skill and had finally escaped him. Anthony had stuck it so long, over a year now, that the Devil was beginning to get worried. By rights he should have cracked up long ago; for, unlike the true mystic, he had fled from the harshness of life, instead of seeing it clearly and whole, and then rejecting its pomps and pleasures as unsatisfactory.

There really hadn't been much excuse for Anthony in not facing up to life. True, he hadn't had a very happy time, he was a failure in his job and his girl had jilted him, but most young men overcome these tribulations eventually.

Anthony, however, when he accidentally stumbled upon some of the literature of mysticism, soon became convinced that only in this way of life could he find happiness. He had a very small private income, so he gave up his job and rented a small top-floor studio in a quiet street, where he contrived to live just above starvation level.

He was following, unwisely, one of the more rigorous of the Yoga systems. It had not been so bad in the summer, but it became hard going in the winter, rising before dawn to a cold and cheerless room, and existing on a scanty vegetarian diet. The Devil, seeing that he was feeling the strain, put more pressure on by conjuring up in Anthony's mind magnificent visions of sizzling steaks, foaming tankards and dazzling houris—in fact all the conventional stock-in-trade by which Satan enamours weak mortals of this sinful world. But Anthony had never been so determined in his life, and he held firm, resolutely dissolving each vision as it formed. The Devil's eyes narrowed and his tail twitched, like a cat that watches a bird just out of reach, and liable to soar skywards at any moment. He saw that he would have to attack from a more subtle angle, and laid plans.

With truly devilish irony, the Evil One deliberately chose Christmas Eve, that night sacred to all true saints, to attempt Anthony's downfall. And so having arranged that he should have had a particularly trying day, and unprofitable meditations, he went to his attic in the late evening and secreted himself in Anthony's subconscious.

"There's such a thing as overdoing it, you know," he whispered, knowing there was nothing like the honest truth for an opening gambit.

Anthony gave a deep sigh and relaxed his difficult pose. "Yes, I have overdone it a bit today," he said, talking as he thought, to himself.

"No doubt about it," said the Devil. "What you really want is a break."

Anthony stiffened suspiciously. "That thought might have come from the Devil," he muttered.

"Good gracious, what nonsense!" rebuked the Devil. "You know the Devil never tells the truth."

"H'm!" said Anthony, "perhaps not."

"Why don't you visit some of your friends," pursued the Devil, "or even join the happy throng in the streets, instead of isolating yourself thus in self-righteousness? Surely it would be more seeming on this Eve of universal peace and goodwill if you were mingling with your fellow men."

"In this age of armaments," retorted Anthony, "Peace has become a dirty word, and goodwill is mainly something you sell with a business. All my past friends are, like everyone else, taking advantage of this holy night to eat and drink themselves sick, hiding the whole thing under a cloak of comfortable sentimentality and cheap emotionalism."

"The Greatest of all saints was not averse to mingling with wine bibbers and sinners," returned the Devil.

"Yes," said Anthony bitterly, "and how many on this anniversary of His birth are thinking of Him tonight? How many, from the lowest to the highest pay Him anything but lip service at any time? The state of the world bears sad witness!"

"What about the people who are worshipping in churches tonight?" said the Devil patiently, for he had to get Anthony out of the attic and into temptation's way. "Why don't you join them?"

Anthony considered this in silence. There could be nothing wrong in that, and it would be a break in the monotony.

"Midnight Mass is being celebrated in the Cathedral tonight," suggested the Devil.

"Midnight Mass," mused Anthony. "It would certainly be warmer than this in the Cathedral."

The Devil pricked his ears suddenly at this concession to sensuality. "Warmth, yes," he hastened to affirm, "and music, and incense. And friendly people who have not forgotten the meaning of Christmas Eve."

"I'll go," Anthony decided suddenly. He washed and had a meal; a piece of stale bread with some parings from a cheese rind, and a cup of weak tea without milk or sugar. At eleven o'clock he went downstairs. There were sounds of festivities from one of the rooms, laughter, explosions of crackers and tinkle of glasses. Evidently the Bonsers, from whom he rented the studio, were giving a small party. Mrs. Bonser, crossing the hall, flashed him a smile. She was over forty, but looked ten years younger, and dressed attractively.

"Fully fashioned nylons," the Devil remarked casually, but Anthony averted his eyes. It was a pity, he thought, that the Bonsers didn't get on well. He sometimes heard them quarrelling. Mr. Bonser was a bald, stocky man of fifty who looked as if he were doing well in the black market. The acquaintance who had recommended the studio to Anthony had told him that though Mr. Bonser was worth a small fortune, he was so mean that his wife had to let the room to supplement the meagre house-keeping allowance he gave her.

Anthony walked with hunched shoulders against a bitter wind. Sometimes the sound of Christmas merriment came to him from behind the dark facade of houses; or an uncurtained window revealed Everyman and his family under a glow of coloured lights and tinsel decorations, enjoying their sensual pleasures. To Anthony it was all far and remote as another world.

It was a long walk to the Cathedral but Anthony could not afford the bus fare. He was cold and tired when he reached there, so he was keenly disappointed when he found that people were being turned away, all seats having long since been filled. There was nothing for it but to trudge back. He felt cheated, and self-pity rose in him.

The Bonsers' party was over when he got back. Mrs. Bonser was waving good-bye to her guests in the doorway. She waited when she saw Anthony approaching and the Devil froze like a gun-dog pointing.

"Merry Christmas," she held out her hand. "Oh," Anthony stammered, "It's Christmas Day now, of course." He took her hand. "Merry Christmas, Mrs. Bonser."

"Good gracious!" she looked startled. "Your hand—it's like ice."

Anthony shivered suddenly. He hadn't realised how cold he was. "I feel a bit chilled," he said.

Mrs. Bonser's bright eyes went over his pale face. "You don't look well," she accused, "and going up to that cold attic, too. For goodness' sake come in here by the fire and get properly warm first."

"That's very kind of you," Anthony murmured, following her into a pleasant room where a great fire glowed.

"Not at all," she said. "You'd die of pneumonia and I'd lose my only source of income."

Anthony smiled, warming to her worldly human fellowship.

"You'll have a drink, won't you?" went on Mrs. Bonser.

The Devil cut in then, talking rapidly to Anthony. "It would be boorish to refuse, even if you didn't require it from a medicinal point of

Mid-summer Day 1954

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view. You're badly chilled. You may get pneumonia."

"I won't have you say no," said Mrs. Bonser, "first because you need it, and second, because it's Christmas."

"Just a spot then," said Anthony, "thank you," looking with a rather startled eye at the half-tumbler of brandy she held out to him.

"It won't hurt you," said Mrs. Bonser, "this is the real thing. My husband brought it from the Continent."

"Oh, I see," said Anthony weakly

"You don't have to drink all that, of course," said the Devil unctuously, "you can easily tip it into that plant pot when she's not looking."

"How is Mr. Bonser?" inquired Anthony, mainly for the sake of making conversation. He expected Mr. Bonser to come bouncing in at any moment full of heartiness and loud wisecracks, completely spoiling the pleasant atmosphere. He hoped he had gone to bed.

"Didn't you know," Mrs. Bonser raised her eyebrows, "my husband is in Holland at the moment? Business as usual," she grimaced, "even at Christmas."

"I had no idea," said Anthony, feeling a pleasant glow of surprise. He sipped his brandy.

"Of course, you wouldn't know," said Mrs. Bonser. "We never see you for weeks on end. I worry about you sometimes."

"That's very nice of you," Anthony smiled, "but I'm all right. I'm very busy."

"You said you were studying something, didn't you?" Mrs. Bonser wrinkled her brows curiously.

The brandy became a pleasant glow, stealing over his body.

"I'm doing research work," he replied, "mainly in ancient Eastern literature."

"Pretty slick," the Devil applauded, "but of course she wouldn't have understood the truth." Far away, in the backyard of a poulterer's shop, a cock crowed thinly in the frosty air.

"It sounds terribly beyond me," sighed Mrs. Bonser, "but I know how you bachelors who live alone look after yourselves. You work so hard that you forget to eat. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you didn't have a decent meal today." She held up an accusing finger. "Now then, did you?"

"Well," began Anthony, suddenly feeling like a ravenous wolf, "as a matter of fact, er——"

"Of course you didn't," said Mrs. Bonser, with finality. "Don't I know you men? Now then, would you like some cold turkey and ham?"

Anthony strove to cope with his salivary glands. The brandy woke to a twinkling fire in his veins. "I'd love it," he said simply, smiling intimately back at her. Such a generous, warm-hearted woman, he thought.

"Good," said Mrs. Bonser, happily, "and I'll make some coffee. Do help yourself to the brandy," she said, putting a decanter on the occasional table beside him, "it's the most plentiful beverage in this house. Mr. Bonser has a way with the Customs." She winked at him and went to the kitchen.

Anthony looked at the brandy in his glass. He had drunk the greater part of it and he felt a new man. Now he would tip the remainder into the plant pot.

"It would be a poor return for hospitality," said the Devil bitterly, "that you should kill that nice woman's plant. Besides, it would smell of brandy for days and she would realise you had done it. What *would* she think of you!"

Anthony drained his glass and put it on the table. "That's more sensible," went on the Devil. "You've been merely trying to equate narrow-minded priggishness with holiness, which is just plain blasphemy. After all, if St. Paul said that a little wine was good for the stomach's sake, who are you to disagree?"

"Who am I, indeed?" echoed Anthony humbly.

"And it is hardly necessary," argued the Devil, "to remind a serious student of mysticism like yourself that alcohol stimulates the mystical faculties in man."

"For a few transitory moments, perhaps," said Anthony.

"Isn't that better than no results at all, which is all you've been getting lately, for all your pains?" retorted the Devil. "Another glass might achieve more than all the efforts of those weary months."

"The Devil must be putting these thoughts into my head," muttered Anthony suspiciously.

The Evil One considered craftily. "You know," he chided, "the way you gulped that large glass was rather revolting. Mrs. Bonser will think you rather an oaf when she returns in a moment and sees it empty."

Anthony looked at his glass with a troubled eye.

"Purely for the sake of good manners," the Devil suggested, "you should fill it up a bit."

Anthony tipped some brandy into his glass. It was a beautiful rich colour against the fireglow.

"I suppose there would be no harm really in having another drop," he mused.

"Heaven knows you need a break," sympathised the Devil. "Besides, you'll work all the better after for it."

Somewhere in Anthony's interior the last gulp of brandy opened like a warm, golden flower, and he knew suddenly that the Devil was right. Of course he was being a prig. He raised the glass to his lips and sipped it appreciatively. Mrs. Bonser came in with a tray of food, the like of which he had not seen for many months. He told her how much he appreciated her kindness and the trouble she had taken. It was very easy to talk to Mrs. Bonser, he found. How gay and witty and attractive she was!

He ate slowly, savouring every morsel until every dish was empty. The golden flower became a sun within him, shedding radiance throughout his being. He saw Mrs. Bonser in a golden haze offering him another drink.

"If you'll have one with me," he said.

"Yes, I'm going to."

Several drinks later they were Anthony and Linda to each other, then the Devil whispered to Anthony.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Oh, nonsense," said Anthony, but half-heartedly.

"Still the same narrow-minded little prig," sneered the Devil. "What *did* you think this cosy little episode was leading to? Noughts and crosses? Can't you see what she wants?"

"I don't believe it," said Anthony.

"Do you mean to tell me," snapped the Devil, "that you're going to disappoint the girl? Damn it all, sir!" he finished in a burst of indignation, "you're no gentleman!"

Anthony looked again into Mrs. Bonser's inviting eyes. Of course, he thought suddenly, isn't love itself the most mystical of all earthly experiences?

"Blimey!" said the Devil to himself, "I hadn't thought of that one."

Mrs. Bonser gently disengaged Anthony. "Let's go upstairs," she said.

Anthony, swaying somewhat as they went up, could hear a party of late revellers somewhere outside.

Holy night, they sang, *Holy night,*
All is calm, all is bright.

ANGUS MACLEOD

Colloquy in Heaven

On the night of Christ's Nativity three angels were communing together on a simple line of melody. They were lower angels, and could not manage harmony and counterpoint. Near them abided three upper angels, benign and radiant presences, conversing in a circle of serenity. All were watching thousands of their fellows zooming lightly through space, bearing packets of goodwill to men. Some were endeavouring to land a giant snowball of peace on earth. They had no success, for peace was not affected by gravity and showed a disposition to fall away. The tireless angels persevered in their efforts, undeterred by the fact that they were making no visible progress. They were vigorous, beautiful beings, pure and unreflecting, wholly impregnated with the will of God.

The fine sensibilities of the watching angels were also recording effortlessly other activities on earth—the thoughts of the beasts in the manger, the crumbling of forsaken altars, and the crying of the Divine Infant.

"God is crying now," stated a lower angel.

"He feels hunger," said the second, repeating a lesson.

"He feels cold," said the third.

"No," said an upper angel; "the ox is breathing on him to warm him. Everything is arranged. Everything has been ordained from the Beginning."

This lovely thought made him glow with great brilliance. He was an orthodox angel who loved pattern and precedent, ritual and rubrics.

The second lower angel was struggling with a problem.

"What is Now?" he puzzled.

He lived on the border of divine consciousness; and although he found the computation of light years easy, he could not apprehend earth time.

"Now," said the second upper angel, "is a special predicament of man. Professor Whitehead says that man is more than a series of occasions. It is necessary to emphasise that truth on earth, where time seems significant. We know, of course, that Man is greater than the sum of his occasions. But if we choose to pay attention to him, not in his nature, but in his predicament, or occasion, that is 'Now'—although, of course, we must remember that while we regard him it is ceasing to be so."

He was a somewhat donnish angel and often visited Professor Whitehead.

"Eternity," mused the third angel—he was meditating in counterpoint—"Eternity is making his pilgrimage through Time—"

"And where He walks," said the first angel, "the water shall be wine—"

"—The veil of the temple shall be rent—"

"—The slain shall burst his bonds asunder."

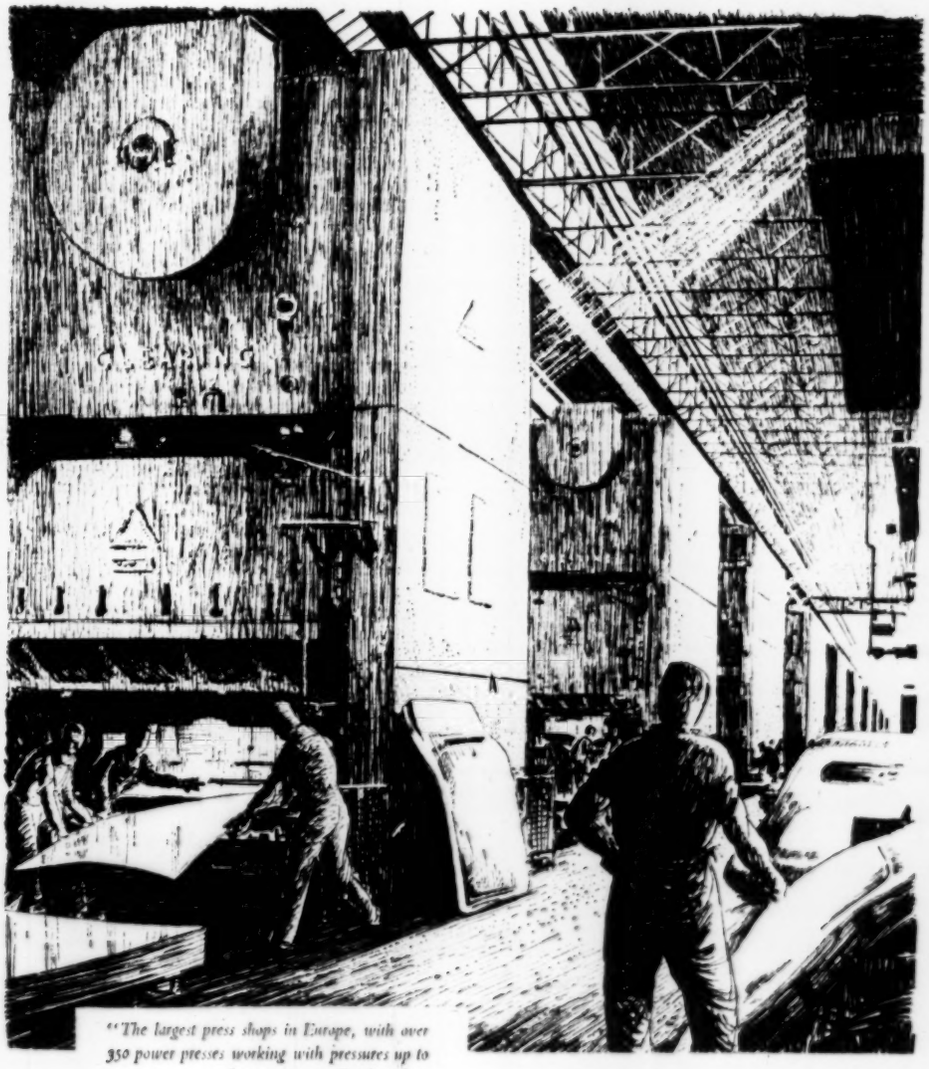
"It is all ordained," said the orthodox angel happily. "All is from the Beginning . . . the beatitudes and the betrayal . . . the temptation . . . the triumph . . ."

"I praise all living, the dark and the bright," remarked the angel who visited Dr. Whitehead.

"But! . . ." The first angel was startled by the sudden change of key.

"It is a Greek saying," remarked the other composedly. Then, perceiving his companion's translucent thought, he added: "Can no good thing come out of Greece?"

"I see they are having difficulty with peace on earth," said the third angel, smoothly modulating into familiar phrases.



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"It is the atmosphere," said the first angel, repeating what he had been told. "The atmosphere of earth is resistant to peace."

"It is the dimension," said Dr. Whitehead's angel. "It will have to be broken down into individual portions. Total peace is too big for men to manage. They don't know where to put it nor how to keep it. After all, they are not angels. All each man wants is a little bit of peace so that he can have A Happy Christmas."

From earth they then heard the faint, dry rattle of another temple collapsing, the sound of falling masonry being mixed with disordered cries and lamentations.

"Baalim," said the third angel.

The little angel who had not been able to understand Time had another problem.

"Is it permitted —?" he began; and paused.

"May we not —?" he started afresh; and stopped discouraged. His superiors, occupied in their antiphonies, were not regarding him.

He tried a third time.

"Pity!" said he, glowing quite fiercely, "pity is an angelic function. May we not feel pity for the fallen gods? May not angels weep for them?"

"There is no need," said Dr. Whitehead's angel; "there is no need to weep for them. Milton is looking after them."

"Milton?" said the bewildered small angel.

"Milton lies in the mind of God. He will be empowered to write a Hymn to The Nativity, and each of these gods will have a place in it —"

"— Where they will stand in beauty," said the third angel.

"And he will give them immortality," said the other.

"Immortality! . . . The proudest thought, the deepest and the highest thought went pulsing through the ether on an angelic radiation.

"But that," said the orthodox angel, "that is heres— . . ."

Then a strange thing happened. The music of the spheres, the quiring of the cherubim, the heavenly symphony, all ceased. There ensued a stillness, a dumbness, a nullity of sound more arresting than any noise.

But on earth, men were celebrating the Festival of the Child in their own fashion, and did not notice the breakdown in heavenly transmission.

K. Arnold Price

The Arts and Entertainment

SOME NOTES ON THE FLEMISH PICTURES

This Winter Exhibition, like others in the past, is too large and has been too readily extended in its scope to meet the claims of historical completeness and continuity. Its run of three months or so will prove excessive for many of the pictures, for those on the walls of the Lecture Room for example, the Fyts and Janssens and Jordaens which provide such an inappropriate and disturbing background to the fine selection of fourteenth-century manuscripts in the same gallery. These overbearing pictures are not very different in quality from much that one finds at Burlington House in the summer months, except for being more virile and self-assured. And there are too many Van Dycks of the kind which places him among the unacknowledged founders of the Royal Academy, those English portraits which do little more than furnish the walls of the large Gallery III. And there are too many pictures also by the younger Teniers—second only in his representation here to Van Dyck. His popularity in his own time and in the nineteenth century is hardly enough to justify the inclusion of more than thirty works by him. In that strength he is shown to be an empty and nerveless artist whose literal mind is shown at its worst in such a picture as the Proverbs. There is, besides, too much of that hearty celebration of flesh and fruit, of animal life and animal spirits which Flanders produced so freely in the seventeenth century when the characteristic energy, materialism and extraversion of the Flemish genius was encouraged to be endlessly and singlemindedly extravagant. When Jordaens paints two male heads (No. 288) out of his own personal energy, the result is something admirably vigorous and personal, but when this habit is encouraged to extend itself even further by a like-minded patronage, the result is something of real vulgarity. Private expressionism is one thing, public expressionism another. But if the exhibition, apart from Rubens, ends badly, it begins wonderfully well in the rooms devoted to the fifteenth century.

The greatest achievement of the first century of Flemish art is its presentation of the human face. For the first time in the work of the van Eycks, of Memlinc and Roger van der Weyden, Gerard David and Petrus Christus, a man could confront his fellows at the level of normal relationships. Modern portraiture begins in these pictures and has never since achieved quite the same intense yet natural humanity. Among the material causes of this is the physical scale of these paintings, the fact that the spectator's contact with them is in itself an intimate experience. One does not need to stand away from these images, unlike most subsequent portraits, which by reason of their scale, their extent, their texture, the intricacy of their construction, hold us beyond arm's length. These Flemish portraits meet the eye most suitably at the distance of human conversation. And in the matter of portraiture this question of scale is most important in determining the quality of the relationship between subject and spectator. For the same reason the bust or quarter-length image offers the most personal means of communication. The addition of the rest of the body may add likeness or vitality, may give the sitter power over the spectator or flatter his conceit, but the sense of intimate acquaintanceship may be destroyed.

The greatest of the early portraits at Burlington House is Jan van Eyck's painting of his wife. In spite of its technical austerity, it has the physical actuality of the most intimate and personal portraits of Rubens, the same happy acceptance of the physical presence. But whereas the degree of Rubens's attachment to his subject seems put into the paint, so that the paint caresses the forms, in van Eyck the same tenderness is achieved by an extreme withdrawal of the self. And it is significant that this account of someone so close to him should seem among the most objective of his works. The power of the painting has at least one obvious cause. The nose and the rest of the head have been constructed on the basis of evidence taken from two different viewpoints and this has given a remarkable force and robustness to something painted with the most fastidious refinement. The Memlincs have a more obvious logic and coherence of structure but are also one step nearer to the conventions of subsequent portraiture. The addition of a landscape background in such a work as the *Giovanni Candida* is enough in itself to make it a picture of quite a different kind from the van Eyck.

The precious qualities of the small portraits are to be found elsewhere in the first few rooms, but most poignantly I believe in Gerard David's *Christ Bidding Farewell to his Mother*, a figure of affecting gravity and poise. Nowhere in the exhibition is drapery organised so subtly to give order and continuity to the carriage of the human body. Nowhere are gestures at once so expressive and so constructive—the right hand raised and open in blessing, the left hand closed in a position of extraordinary truth.

Among the familiar works on show is Quentin Matsys's portrait of the Magdalen—from Antwerp. This modest and fragile picture in fact contains one of the strangest inventions in the exhibition. The half-length figure stands separated from the distant landscape by an arcade of marble columns. Matsys has so placed the profile of the Magdalen's right cheek and forehead that it just connects with the profile of one column. The attachment, the contrast of the pale flesh with the rich patterning of the stone, produces a peculiar tension and ambiguity, one which unites rather than divides the composition.

The imported Brueghels, two versions of the *Fall of Icarus*, the *Dulle Griet*, for example, are among the finest things in the exhibition, but they do not surpass the *Dormition of the Virgin* from Upton House. This is one of those among his paintings which have a conventional structure. The activity of the figures is led more obviously than is usual towards a point of focus and concentration. For once the figures are collectively more expressive than they are as individuals, but this painting must stand with the lost picture of the blind leading the blind as one of the most emotional of all his works. The group of Rubens is particularly interesting. There are many familiar works like the *Landscape with St. George and the Dragon* from the Royal Collection, that anthology of charming and characteristic fragments, the romantic group of the Saint and the Prison, the retreating perspective of the river landscape in which the fifteenth and the seventeenth centuries join, the contrast of the rough bucolic spectators viewing the occasion from the tree. There are those portraits of the Archduke Albert and the Emperor Maximilian from Vienna in which Rubens released a sudden heraldry of colour which makes these works unique and there are several more conventional portraits of the first order. But perhaps it is the landscapes which are the most consistently rewarding. Friedlander summarised the spirit of Rubens's intention in landscape very well when he wrote that he "watches the land like a country squire, like a huntsman, with optimistic vitality." That is just right for landscapes in such pictures as *The Prodigal Son* but it leaves other possibilities out of account. It does not explain the originality of the *Deer Hunt in the Forest* with its two vistas,

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one into light, the other into darkness and the Turneresque explosion of light through branches, scattering the foreground with shards of light. When Rubens achieves this kind of individuality the virtuosity of the painting is equally and appropriately remarkable. This picture with Count Seilern's *Moonlight Landscape* and the *Landscape with a Tower* from the Ashmolean, stand with Brueghel's Winter landscape with a Bird-trap as the best pictures in this genre in the show.

Rubens's mastery within the limits of more conventional and objective painting is most unusually expressed in the painting of a Lioness at Play which many may disregard. The flowing unbroken continuity of the creature's body is in itself something, a miracle, but even more remarkable is the virtuosity with which this realisation of the muscular strains and tensions is conjoined through the paint with the statement of the creature's shaggy coat. And the picture is all the finer for being devoid of that excessive violence and savagery which so often marked Rubens's painting of wild creatures.

BASIL TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

"BORN a bastard while my family was bankrupt and in mourning for my uncle's suicide": thus, or in words very close to them, Strindberg's hero, The Unknown Man, describes himself early on in the first part of his trilogy *To Damascus*, which has dominated the Third Programme during the past week. The Unknown Man is Strindberg himself, and that brings us to the heart of the Strindberg problem: Strindberg is one of those impure—one might say romantic—artists whose work finally brings us back to the man himself and can be understood and judged only in the light of our knowledge of the man himself. And the man himself remains obstinately a "case." *To Damascus*, his arraignment of life, of man, woman and God, is his most massive work. Its effect, indeed, is terrifying: here is the naked exposure of the private hell. Yet I do not feel it is a great play, for it moves the listener not to awe or pity but simply to curiosity about its author.

All the same, I am in the Third's debt. What chance, were there no Third, would one ever have of seeing or hearing a work of such scope as *To Damascus*? And even though the play is not, as it seems to me, great as the finest plays of his contemporaries Ibsen and Chekhov are great, still it is the work of a genius who was a natural dramatist, who expressed the conflicting sides of his personality in dramatic characters presented with compelling intensity and moving in taut scenes of ever-increasing intensity. In *To Damascus* they build up to the remarkable trial-scene of the third part, the analysis of human guilt with its conclusion that all men are guilty and so no one is to blame. The Expressionist form of the play lends itself well to radio, and in Mr. Peter Watts's adaptation and production it was given everything the players had got. The performance of this play may rightly be held to be one of the Third's great occasions.

The series of four talks on *Human Nature in Politics* has been especially satisfying, not only because of the calibre of the speakers but also because of the integration of the subject-matter, which gave the whole a unity which series of this kind do not always possess. Thus in the last, magisterial talk, on the part played by man's nature, and especially by the unconscious and the mass-mind, in history, Sir Lewis Namier specifically came back to Mr. Hampshire's opening talk, for what Mr. Hampshire diagnosed as the "weariness" of political ideas in England today Sir Lewis interpreted as evidence of greater national maturity. One thing very clearly emerged from the talks as a whole, the clash between the philosopher Mr. Hampshire and the historians Mr. Trevor-Roper, Professor Pares and Sir Lewis Namier.

I have not heard all the discussions between British and Africans in *Six African Studies*, in the Home Service, but those I have seem to me admirable. I suppose one begins listening to such a series with a prejudiced mind: or at least with a keen consciousness of what is happening at the moment in Kenya and with a reasonable curiosity about how it will be tackled in discussion. In the programmes I heard Mau Mau was scarcely mentioned, though it hovered, as it were, in the background. But then, so did the very different situation in the Gold Coast. For the theme of the programmes was not conflict between Black and White but co-operation between them; as in the final discussion, which was a pooling of information between African and British administrators on the best means of developing local communities as a step towards the development of larger groups and, in the end, of nations. What was interesting to the uninformed listener was the general agreement between African and British administrators on this subject.

WILLIAM SALTER

FILMS IN 1953

NOTHING but lists: lists of presents, lists of people to send cards to, shopping lists, unpaid bills and good resolutions lists; and to these the filmgoer must add his annual list of films. Here are the ten that seem to me best, in the order they came to us:

René Clement's *Les Jeux Interdits*.
John Huston's *Moulin Rouge*.
*Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Medium*.
*Robert Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest*.
*Castellani's *Two Pennyworth of Hope*.
De Sica's *I Bambini Ci Guardano*.
The Conquest of Everest.
Eisenstein's *Time in the Sun*.
*Jacques Tati's *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday*.
*Renoir's *The Golden Coach*.

(The starring indicates my own preferences.) I don't think anyone will complain of a year with those titles; and if there should be complaints that *Time in the Sun* (previously known to film societies) has saved me the usual dodging and shuffling for the tenth place, here is a supplementary list:

Max Ophuls's *Le Plaisir*.
René Clair's *Les Belles-de-Nuit*.
Henry Cornelius's *Genevieve*.
John Ford's *The Sun Shines Bright*.
Joseph Mankiewicz's *Julius Caesar*.
Philip Leacock's *The Kidnappers*.

Two films that I missed, being on holiday, would no doubt also have found a place in one list or the other: Visconti's *Belissima* and George Stevens's *Shane*. To the National Film Theatre we are indebted for revivals of Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon, and of Flaherty's *Moana*. Otherwise the year saw the Coronation, Everest, the deaths of Pudovkin and Jean Epstein, and screens growing deeper, wider, and sillier, as Hollywood writhed at the thought of television. In the grip of this panic miracles of advertising have been achieved, the money from which, if directed to the right quarter, might have provided several more films to add to our lists. The new shapes and dimensions have yet to produce one even tolerably good film. My own guess for the future would be that the wide might enhance "epics" and leg-shows, and the deepie give a chance to realists. 3-D, with the spectacles discarded, has possibilities. A new Stroheim setting out in it could fascinate terribly.

It would be fanciful to draw conclusions from the fifteen or so films mentioned above. They came from all parts, some were made long ago, and it is pure accident or misfortune that this year we should not have been allowed to see any film by a Japanese director with the standing of Akira Kurosawa. However, several films do suggest that at last a more purposeful effort is being made to bring music and film together. *The Medium* represents one such attempt, and so far as film-opera can succeed, it succeeds. I trust that we shall be able to see and listen to more of Menotti's work, for he has a dramatic ability to combine movements of music and vision. But the hope for music drama lies rather, I believe, in such ways as those revealed by Renoir's *The Golden Coach*, which combines its different arts with no jar from the literalness that all screen art—of an imaginative kind—must circumvent. His uses of colour and sound of the cutting trumpet solo, the violins and silks, the serpent pointing comedians going into action, give a texture that, to me, is as delightful as it is new.

Farewell then to 1953, a good year on the whole. Hail, 1954; and may screen-monkeying not oust film-making!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Lohengrin," at Covent Garden

At least Covent Garden tried with their *Ring* operas. But *Lohengrin* was thrown on to the stage in one of those anonymous productions for which, it seems, no one will take responsibility. That much of the material for a good *Lohengrin* was there made it the more frustrating. Frederick Dalberg plainly knows the Wagner routine backwards, and as Heinrich never put a foot wrong. Nell Rankin's brave; showing so far has been her Ortrud. Hermann Uhde, though handicapped by a translation which might have been designed to betray his American accent, projected with force and vividness that remarkable study of Telramund which Bayreuth so much admired this year. No typical baritone villain, but a minor Macbeth, a nobleman flawed only by readiness to believe what fell in with his ambition. Sylvia Fisher was a sweet and touching Elsa: I wondered just, perhaps unfairly, whether those qualities were not coming a little too easily to her. Her Sieglinde, Ellen Orford and Elsa von Brabant have all been sweet and touching and sensitive in much the same way this season. Svanholm alone was entirely disappointing: a roughly vocalised, heartily mannered extrovert who bore little relation to Wagner's spiritual champion—for all the world like father Parsifal before Gurnemanz had taught him how to behave. The singers fended for themselves: one missed any controlling mind behind the performance. John Pritchard's conducting was proficient, but not weighty or profound enough.

A. P.

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Correspondence

ART COLLECTIONS BILL

SIR,—I am glad to see Flavus criticising the National Art Collections Bill, or, as it has now been rechristened, the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Bill. But he picks on only one objectionable clause—that relating to loans (or, worse still, transfers) of gallery pictures to the Ministry of Works—in (as he calls it) an "otherwise harmless Bill." A later clause is even more alarming than the one he cites: this empowers the National Gallery and Tate Gallery Trustees to sell pictures "unfit for or not required as part of" the collection for which they are responsible. Under the existing law of 1856 it is possible for the Trustees of the National Gallery to sell pictures, but funds accruing from such sales go to the Treasury. This is why the powers of sale have never been invoked since the experience of 1857. The law was passed simply in order to meet a temporary exigency (the selling of some "unwanted" German Primitives), and happens never to have been repealed. Under the proposed Bill the funds accruing from sales would go to the purchase of other pictures. There would therefore be every inducement to make use of it.

At first glance there seems to be something to be said for this clause. Why should not the Trustees get rid of their weeds to buy flowers? But weeds would fetch next to nothing on the market. In order that sales should be made worth while, a large number of "weeds" in a rather higher category would have to be exchanged for a few "flowers." The Trustees might be trusted to decide what was roughly worthless and what roughly a masterpiece. But who would dare differentiate between good weeds and fairly good flowers? The German Primitives sold in the 1850s for laughable sums would now be regarded as handsome blooms in Trafalgar Square. Thirty years ago Italian seventeenth-century pictures might have been exchanged for Romneys. Today the position might be reversed. It is asking too much of the Trustees of the National Gallery (who have to consider other generations besides their own) to take on the responsibility of selling, when taste changes so radically.

There is a further point: the National Gallery represents 130 years of British collecting, and has a history of its own, distinct from the history of the objects it houses. There would be an outcry if it were suggested that the Louvre or the Pitti should be split up, because the personality of these collections is acknowledged. The personality of the National Gallery has not entered the public consciousness, perhaps only because it is of more recent growth. But as a representative collection of all schools of painting it is almost without a rival in the world. It is not, therefore, narrow nationalism to be proud of it, and to wish to preserve it intact. No doubt *eventually* it will get split up, but why should we hurry this process?

The Trustees themselves seem to have grown aware of the danger since this iniquitous clause was inserted in the Bill. Lord Crawford informed the House of Lords at the Committee stage that the Trustees, after all, preferred the so-called *status quo*: that is to say, that funds accruing from sales would go to the Treasury, and therefore, one hopes, that the law would continue to remain a dead letter. But would it not be even more sensible to take this opportunity (which may never recur) to repeal the law by forbidding sales under any circumstances? So long as it exists, there is always the danger that some future Board of Trustees may decide to make use of it. If there is never any intention to use it, what can be the object in retaining it?

BENEDICT NICOLSON

SIR THOMAS MORE

SIR,—Pointing an Aha finger at Mr. Trevor-Roper as being ill-informed about the Catholic Church, Mr. Waugh himself seems to be a worse example, according to what he says in his letter, and what he said in a recent broadcast. Mistaking by less than a month the date of More's and Fisher's execution can hardly be thought of as an "offensive and clumsy attack on the Catholic religion." Nor can the fact of forgetting (or ignoring) that at the time Fisher had been made a Cardinal be any indication of one either. Fisher was a Bishop, and that position is more important than that of a Cardinal, for the Church could do without Cardinals, but cannot get on without her Bishops: the Apostolic Succession is of more importance to the Roman Catholic Church than the Cardinalate. And surely recusant has a stronger meaning than the one associating it only with the refusal to attend Anglican Church Services: it has within it the tinge of the meaning of rebellion; of opposition, of disobedience; especially during the time in question, when all England was in the throes of a fight for her national entity; busy, consciously and unconsciously, forging a unity of independence, politics, and faith; as Joan of Arc before had battled for the nationhood and unity of the French People.

As for the Bishops being "chary of encouraging men of their faith to take University degrees," may the reason be, not that implied by Mr. Waugh, but the stronger one of fearing they may get to know too much, delivering them from a false loyalty, such as that which prompted the Roman Catholic historian, Cardinal Gasquet, to deliberately and insistently falsify history to buttress up a thesis written to uphold and strengthen the historical position of his Church?

In his broadcast, Mr. Waugh, rather disdainfully, shoved aside the question of why he seemed to dislike humanity, by answering that to love humanity was God's prerogative. Since God is love, there is no prerogative; this prerogative is given to the Catholic Christians, and, indeed, to all calling themselves Christians. Mr. Waugh either despises it, or neglects it, at his peril. In the same way, he brushes children aside, saying in a reply to a question. I associate with them when they reach the years of coherent speech; I don't carry them on my shoulders, or play ball with them. Perhaps, it's just as well—it would appear he wouldn't be a very lovable companion.

Is this recusancy in affairs of the world's humanity and affairs of the life of children a new fashion among the members of the Roman Catholic Church? No; dates are of little importance: they form no part of the deposit of Faith once delivered to the apostles. Mr. Waugh is but playing at tiddley winks.

SEAN O'CASEY

SIR,—Being abroad, I have only just seen Mr. Waugh's letter, in which he says that I am "conspicuously ill-informed," that my work is a "strange jumble of speculations and misstatements," and that its abundant "howlers" sufficiently reveal the quality of my scholarship. The actual howlers which he cites in evidence are: (1) That I carelessly extended the date of More's execution to cover that of Fisher, who actually suffered a fortnight earlier. This is an error which I acknowledge. (2) That I called Fisher a Bishop when in fact he was a Cardinal. In England, where his Cardinalate, being in defiance of the law, was not recognised, he was Bishop of Rochester. (3) That, unlike "men of education," I apply to More the term "recusant," which properly "has nothing to do with high treason and the denial of the monarch's spiritual supremacy," but simply means one who refuses to attend Anglican church services. I am far from my books, but I think that if Mr. Waugh will take a little trouble before screaming about my "howlers," he will find that before 1570 the word "recusant" was generally applied to those who refused the oath of supremacy; it was only later that it acquired its meaning of non-attendance at church.

My general point in referring to More as the first recusant is that he was the first *layman* to refuse the oath of supremacy, and thus became the hero of the later *lay* recusants whose recusancy was defined by their refusal to attend the national church. To this point, earlier clerical recusants are immaterial.

Mr. Waugh asks why "this contributor" writes "so very often" on this subject. In the ten years during which I have contributed articles to THE NEW STATESMAN, I have written three times on the English Catholics—*i.e.*, as often as on the English Quakers and a good deal less often than upon the English Protestants. This seems to me to show a sense of proportion.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE LAUGHING HYENA

SIR,—May I take advantage of your hospitable custom of opening your Correspondence columns to criticisms of your literary critics? For, though Mr. Fraser has had a very short rest since his last bout, I do not think that his review of Mr. Enright's *The Laughing Hyena* should pass without comment.

It is not merely that more than half of the review is concerned with reflections on Mr. Enright's relationship with Egypt, and alleged connections with other English poets who have been in that country. The remaining sentences of criticism proper, though by no means injudicious as far as they go, give no idea of *how* good Mr. Enright is. His qualities are touched on; his importance, or otherwise, is not. Many readers have found in Mr. Enright an impression of the mind of enormous intellectual and emotional capacity, the sanity and ability to face the worst without pretence or hysteria, which typifies the really important poet, and is seen—if not in every word or line, at least frequently enough—in a powerful maturity of language (not the same thing as verbal manipulation). Mr. Fraser may not agree with this estimate, but he hardly gives us any estimate at all.

It is not hostility to Mr. Fraser or to his general method which prompts these reflections, merely the feeling that his readable and intelligent reviews are becoming a little irresponsible. And I should confess that my irritation is partly due to having followed reviews of this book in most other periodicals with increasing distaste, and being disappointed in the hope that Mr. Fraser would provide compensation. The only consolation actually forthcoming is that at least he never falls into that admiration of manner which invariably leads the more vulgar reviewers into praise for the dullest and silliest lines of a poet's work.

ROBERT CONQUEST

OFFICIAL DIGGINGS

SIR,—In your issue of December 5, 1953, there is a paragraph by Flavus telling us how informers run to the police with stories of the most innocent diggings and buryings.

In *The Economic History of England*, by E. Lipsen, Vol. III, Third Edition, p. 358, I read the following: "To obtain saltpetre the patentees and their agents were authorised to enter private houses and other buildings, in order to search for it." The "insolence" of the "saltpetremen" became a crying evil. The patent, Cecil confessed in the Parliament of 1601, "digs in every man's house."

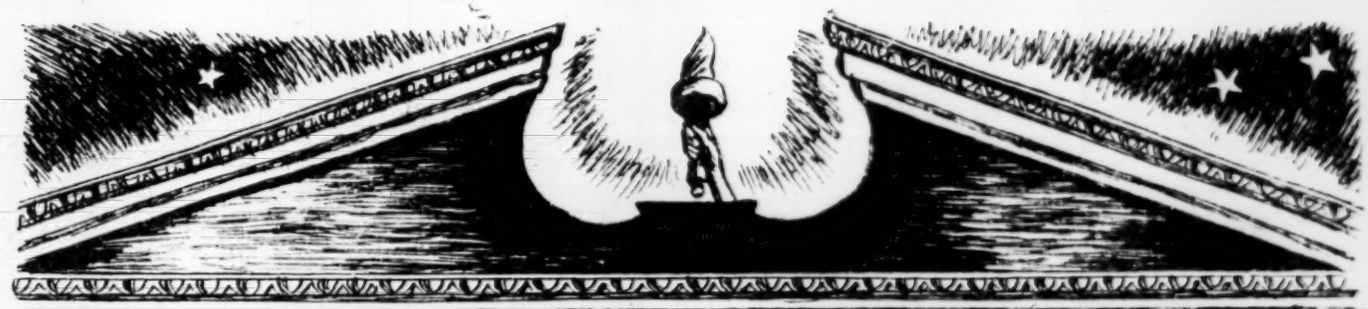
A report made to the Admiralty in 1630 stated that there was no part of their commission which the saltpetremen and their servants had not extremely abused. "As in digging in all places without distinction, as in parlours, bedchambers, threshing and malting floors, yea, God's own house, they have not forborne; so they respect not times—digging in the breeding time in dove-houses and working sometimes a month together, whereby the flights of doves are destroyed; and without respect to harvest time [digging] in barns and malting houses, when green malt is upon the floor; and in bedchambers placing their tubs by the bedside of the old and sick, even of women in childbed and persons on their death-beds. They have undermined walls and seldom fill up the places they have digged."

Antwerp. MARCEL BRACHFELD

HIGHER CRITICISM

SIR,—The Mr. Thomas William Clarke who has counted the number of "ands" in the Bible (*This England*, November 28—first entry) might have saved himself the trouble had he known that an 18th-century namesake of his, the Rev. Samuel Clarke, D.D., published the total in his edition of the Bible. It is true that he made it considerably less—46,227 against Mr. Clarke's 54,708—but possibly Mr. Clarke included the Apocrypha? If he is thinking of embarking on the number of "Jehovahs" he may like to know that Dr. Clarke made it 6,855. It does not seem that the Doctor counted the "thes" but he did count the number of words—and letters!—in the whole Bible; and, in case Mr. Clarke or anyone else happens to be interested, he made the number of words 773,692 and the number of letters 3,566,480. Whether he was awarded his D.D. for this contribution to theological knowledge I have not discovered.

STANLEY GODMAN



Santa on Thin Ice

A PANTOMIME IN THREE GLISSADES

Book by TOM DRIBERG. **Lyrics** by SAGITTARIUS. **Decor** by ANTON.

CAST

SANTA CLAUS (*In Person*).
THE DEMON KING (*Senator Joe McGargle*).
THE FAIRY QUEEN (*Mrs. Candy of U.N.*).
CONFIDENTIAL CLERKS (*Rain and Fine*).
BUTTONS (*Stephen Slender*).
MR. TRIPLICATE (*of the U.S. Visa Department*).
Waits, Christmas Guests, Archdeacon, Streetwalker, etc.

GLISSADE I

(The lobby of the U.S. Embassy, Grosvenor Square. Embassy Staff, assisted by two Confidential Clerks, Rain and Fine, newly arrived from Washington, are finalising the Staff Christmas party. Up stage a Cellophane-wrapped Tree stands partly concealed by a Loyalty Screen. A clerk, Grade III, non-confidential, and a gorgeous stenographer declinch.)

STENOG. (*tenderly*): Mmmmmm . . . !

CLERK: Boy! Is that inspirational! (*They reclinch.*)

(Through the prevailing stereophonic noises seeps the sound of an English carol sung by Cockney Waits.)

Here we come a-cocktailing,
We're singing for our gin,
We want a little money
To line our purse within.

We have got a little purse
Of stretching leather-skin;
We want a little money
To line it well within!

CLERK: What's that goddam racket?

STENOG. (*looking out of the window*): Indigenous personnel.

CLERK: Give 'em a dime from the Point Four box.

STENOG.: International Misappropriation slashed the Point Four budget last week.

CLERK: Correct. Give 'em a nickel.

(The Waits, grateful for the handout, start to oblige once more: The first Nowell . . . .)

CLERK (*at door*): Scram!

(He tries to slam the door; it will not shut. There is a foot in it—a strangely-caparisoned foot in a pointed red shoe, to which is attached a skate that catches the light.

CLERK: Ah-ra-ham Lincoln!

(The door is flung open: benevolent, white-bearded, red-cloaked, Father Christmas glides in.)

SANTA: No! Santa Claus—at your service.
No doors are shut to Santa Claus,
All countries welcome me,
Because, because, because, because
I load the Christmas tree.

(*Enter Rain and Fine, agitated, quizzing as they go.*)

RAIN: Hell! Look there, a book!

FINE: It's on the shelf.

RAIN: Still . . . better burn it.

(He flings it on the flickering log fire—the log is artificial, the fire electric; the book bounces off it, unburned, and lies on the carpet, open at the title-page. It is a bound copy of the U.S. Constitution.

Meanwhile, in a flurry of snow, the Cockney Waits have followed Santa Claus into the lobby. They include economists, politicians, lecturers, Ealing starlets, and a tall, golden-haired, earnest youth, Stephen Slender.)

SLENDER: I spokesman am for English-speaking Waits,
Greetings we bring to the United States!
I also bring *Encounter*, my new journal,
The vehicle of verities eternal.
So, if my editorials give enjoyment,
May I request remunerative employment?

RAIN: Does he have a security clearance?

CLERK: Do you have a security clearance?

SLENDER : I earned my okay from Security. For globular cultural purity.

RAIN AND FINE : O.K. Hire Slender.

CLERK : You're hired. (*Santa Claus has begun to distribute gifts from his sack. Suddenly Rain and Fine notice the sack is marked Gifts for China. They scream.*)

RAIN AND FINE : Holy Joe ! Strategic contraband !

SANTA : Good friends, my charity is universal,
My gifts are earmarked for world-wide dispersal.

RAIN AND FINE : What ? Help the Reds with gifts for little Chinks ?
Aw, cut it out ! Your goodwill mission stinks.

SANTA : But hear me—when I've toured the world on skates,
I plan to enter the United States.
Think, ere my application you dismiss,
I carry toys for Junior and for Sis,
I don't neglect the children of the rich—

RAIN AND FINE : So *that's* your story ! You old sonofabitch,
We're wise to Communistic infiltration ;
Your visa must be stamped by Immigration.
You are an Uninvited Visitor,
So just get cracking ! Getthehell next-door !

GLISSADE II

(*Visa Department of the Embassy. Benches packed with shawled figures, waiting eternally. Mr. Triplicate is in conference with Rain and Fine.*)

RAIN AND FINE :
Three Red mice, three Red mice,
See how they run, see how they run . . .
They stir up ideological strife,
They nibble America's way of life,
But we cut off their tails with a Loyalty knife—

(*Triplicate presses the buzzer. Slender enters.*)

TRIP. : Ask Mr. Claus to come in.

(*Santa enters, scattering snowflakes, holding his questionnaire form filled up in triplicate.*)

TRIP. : So you want a visa, huh ? What kind ?

SANTA : A Christmas visa.

TRIP. (*writing*) : Purpose of visit ?

SANTA : Peace and goodwill.

RAIN AND FINE (*molto agitato*) : You're skating on thin ice, Mr. Claus.

TRIP : Race ? National status ?

SANTA : Human. Stateless.

RAIN AND FINE (*solemnly*) : You've just made two admissions, Mr. Claus, that need very, very searching clarification. We already have on record your declaration that you intend to go to Red China. You're wearing a red cloak. What do you have to say about that ?

SANTA (*benignly*) : Peace and good will.

RAIN AND FINE (*lethally*) : That means nothing ; it's just a Commie slogan. In your Christmas wanderings, did you ever turn Left ?

(*Santa is silent. His smile is more pensive.*)

RAIN : So he won't talk, huh ?

FINE : Fifth Amendment, I guess.

RAIN : Hell, an alien can't plead that.

RAIN AND FINE : The applicant is instructed to answer. (*Santa remains silent.*) Mr. Claus, we are warning you that you are, as of now, in danger of being indicted for contempt.

SANTA (*With a pitying smile*) : You said it !

RAIN AND FINE (*In desperation*) : Holy smoke ! We need a ruling. Wish Joe was here !

(*The scene darkens ; there is a crash of thunder and from a trap-door rises the Demon King.*)

RAIN AND FINE :
Hail, Demon King !
Say, we can't cope
With this old dope !
This suspect ain't speaking,
Just spying and sneaking
And twisting on skates,
But news has been leaking
He's sledding to Peking,
And soon he'll be seeking
To enter the States.

DEMON KING :
Well, is that so, my Confidential Clurks ?
Watch Joe McGargle give this guy the works !
Now, Claus, come clean and drop the bluff,
I'm wise to that " do-gooder " stuff ;
A redder Red I never smeared,
I know you by your Marxist beard ;
Your mission reeks of espionage,
Your reindeer's trained for sabotage.
Get out you crawling crypto-Red,
Avaunt ! Vamoose ! Get lost ! Drop dead !

SLENDER (*with dignity, stamping his foot*) : I resign.

DEMON KING :
You're fired !

SLENDER : I resigned first, So do your worst.
I, Santa, your vicissitudes will share
We'll more intensely live in Grosvenor Square.

GLISSADE III

(*Grosvenor Square. A diverse crowd of people, rich and poor, of every race—White and Negro, politicians and parsons, drunks, a streetwalker with her child. Enter Santa and Slender.*)

SANTA : I wonder . . . I've been to most of these peoples' homes in my time. Do you think one or two of them would come and testify for me ? (*He turns to a prosperous clergyman in gaiters, perhaps an archdeacon*) Reverend sir, you are a servant of the Prince of Peace ?

ARCHDEACON (*clearing his throat in some embarrassment*) : Well . . . ah . . . that is so, if you care to put it like that . . . (*Sotto voce*) A crank, I fear. (*To Santa*) I must ask you to excuse me. I have every sympathy for you, of course, but we have had trouble with extremist clergy in our diocese.

SLENDER : Well . . . ! I *do* think it's a *shame* ! Will no one speak for poor Santa ?

(*The people start closing in round them, and here and there a hand is stretched out, a voice cries " Yes," or " I will ! "*)

STREETWALKER :
God help him, poor soul. I will, if they'll take *my* word. Real good he was to me, this time last year, when baby came and I was in a proper fix.

(*There is a buzz of excitement and sympathy in the crowd. Someone calls out : "Good old Santa!" Someone else: "Let's all help him." Another : " Let's start something—call ourselves the Friends of Santa Claus." General assent. Slender distributes membership forms.*

Enter a messenger. He taps Slender on the shoulder, hands him a notice.)

SLENDER : Listen to this ! Look what they've sent us. " I am instructed to inform you . . . membership incompatible . . . The Friends of Santa Claus is therefore placed on the list of proscribed organisations.
Signed : Phillips."

(*The starlight fades. Loud thunder. Ice forms. Light strikes the base of the statue of President Roosevelt, and from the very plinth emerges the Fairy Queen, in shimmering white and gold, an atomic wand in one hand, the flag of the United Nations in the other. From the Embassy door glides Demon King / McGargle.*)

DEMON KING (*to Santa*) : What, you still here ? Don't you know this is U.S. soil ? (*Seeing the Fairy Queen.*) But who's this dame ?

FAIRY QUEEN : Candy, U.N.'s. Good Fairy, is my name—
I hereby sanction Santa Claus's claim,
Scorning McGargle and McGargle-ites
I grant him extra-territorial rights.

(*The Demon King snarls, gnashes his teeth.*)

DEMON KING : May Santa lose his bearings in the drifts,
May he be squashed beneath frustrated gifts,
May you be eaten up by seaweed flies,
May nutty slack get into your mince-pies,
May Candy never have a second term,
May winds and waters disarrange her perm,
May she be strangled by Brownell's subpœna,
May Slender be brought down by scarlatina,
May bloodhounds drive the Waits through mire and fog,
May you forget your mask when breathing smog,
May all get staggers, hiccups, rheumatism
For daring to defy McGargle-ism !

FAIRY QUEEN : Pooh-pooh ! Your curse is bunkum and boloney !
I here unmask McGargle as a phoney.

(*She raises her wand ; it flashes blindingly in McGargle's face ; he stands revealed as a shop-soiled dummy with an ape's head and chemically discoloured jaw : the Piltdown Man himself.*)

SLENDER : There you are ! I knew it, I knew it ! I always said he was an absolute beast. He's centuries out of date, and he's bogus !

(*McGargle vanishes, with a whiff of brimstone, through a hole in the ice.*)

SLENDER : The ice-man goeth !

(*Universal jubilation. The Roosevelt statue is bathed in radiance.*)

FAIRY QUEEN : All with Santa follow me
To the U.S. Embassy.
Santa from this night shall be
The world's first Stateless V.I.P.
I strike the portal with my magic wand—
Can anybody guess what lies beyond ?

SLENDER : The Golden Horizon, of course !

ALL : Beyond the Golden Horizon
The party has begun,
We take the Golden Horizon
For good, clean fun !
Three cheers from the hearty
Three cheers from the arty !
Hooray for the U.S. Ambassador's Party !

CURTAIN

Books in General

In the last 20 years the Whig stock has suffered ruinously at the hands of the historians. Professor Butterfield began sending the shares down by his onslaught on the company's prospectus in *The Whig Interpretation of History*; Sir Lewis Namier and his disciples have been "bearing" the market successfully ever since *The Structure of Politics at the Accession of George III*. Even at this late stage of disintegration we can still hear the shouts of panic as one subsidiary after another collapses beneath the researchers' scrutiny. Miss Lucy Sutherland pricks Fox's Indian policy as easily as any bubble speculation. The Bill of 1783, she tells us firmly, was the result of woolly high thinking about India; it may also have arisen from a desire to create more jobs, more influence, for Lord North's boys. From Reading, that new home of aseptic thinking, comes Professor Gash's learned comment on the pure milk of the Whig word, the great Reform Bill itself. Both men and motives, says the Professor in effect, are not what they seem. 1832 was not the year of our liberties. It was a triumph of enlightened reaction, a successful attempt to staunch the flow of democracy.

Only in Bloomsbury, that Diaspora of noble and largely lost causes, can the Whigs still get a comfortable hearing. "Afternoons at Holland House, dinners chez Magny," sighs Palinurus nostalgically. And indeed, Holland House is almost all of the Whig legend that is left. Grand Whiggery is no longer honoured as a body of political tradition; it is embraced masochistically as an ideal and impossible way of life. The Good Old Cause has passed into the keeping of the hedonists and the littérateurs. The glorious principles of '88 have shrunk to the dimensions of a single dinner-table.

All the more reason why Sydney Smith's rotund and ebullient figure should stand out in such attractive relief. For every great party has its conscience and "Parson Sydney" was pre-eminently the Conscience of the Whigs. What George Orwell, at a distance, did for the Left-wing Thirties, the service that first Cobden and then Bright rendered the Liberal Sixties, Sydney Smith performed for the Venetian oligarchs of 1832. He kept Howick and Panshanger and Bowood and Brocket up to the mark—and he worked the miracle largely through laughter. His was not an ingrowing, stabbing, conscience like Orwell's, or a nagging, pen-pushing conscience such as one glimpses in Cobden's letters to Gladstone. He got his way through an infectious wit, a skilful blending of firmness and hilarity. He was, as Lord Lansdowne remarked, "an odd mixture of Punch and Cato." This exuberant country rector wrung sanity out of the great men of the land by first convulsing them at the dinner table and then bombarding them with good advice through the post. In this fine edition of his correspondence*, edited by Mr. Nowell C. Smith, we can see him hard at work nobbling Grey and Holland and Brougham in the same way as he convulsed and nobbled the country with Dame Partington and Peter Plymley.

No man ever spent his wit so unsparingly in the cause of human happiness. In an age of spring-guns and man-traps, Game Laws and rotten boroughs, hanging judges, starving curates, oppressed minorities and general panic-ridden self-righteousness, his pamphlets and sermons blew through the shires like a Channel gale. The skittles of Lord Eldon's England fell in heaps at the parson's bowling. Peers gaped in fishy horror: magistrates glowered and fell silent; bishops, those huge inflated rubber-tyres of period pomposity, collapsed with great rushes of wind at Smith's punctures. Marsh of Peterborough, well trounced by the Canon for browbeating his clergy, was forced back on an appeal for sympathy for his failing sight and pure intentions. The aldermen of Bristol, made to listen to a Gunpowder Sermon on Catholic Emancipation, felt "the turtle turn on their stomachs."

Superstition fared no better than prejudice. "Every event," the parson told Mrs. Hicks-Beach, "that has taken place in the French Revolution . . . has been clearly pointed out by Some clergyman or other in the Prophets." "My business," he tells Jeffrey, adumbrating an *Edinburgh* review, "is to make the Archdeacon as ridiculous as possible." "It is a maxim with me," he reminds Caroline Fox, "that a bishop must always be in the wrong." He advised a clergyman who had witnessed the Peterloo Massacre and thought of writing an account of it, that "a true and candid narrative of what you saw would for ever put an end to the chances of your preferment." His wit, within the bounds of his cloth, is Voltairean. And indeed, perhaps Sydney Smith is the best we can do in the way of a Voltaire—a pocket-sized Anglo-Saxon Voltaire, warring against the Methodists and the public schools in place of the Jansenists and the Jesuit seminaries. Holland House is his Sans-Souci and its chatelaine his Frederick; Godwin is his Rousseau. Yet he was a better prophet than Voltaire. His enlarged sympathies and sense of decency foresaw the American Civil War and hinted at our own troubles in Africa and the Caribbean.

Above all, Sydney Smith was a great moralist in the English tradition—a tradition too often overlooked, in deference to the greater exponents of the *genre* across the Channel. We have, *pace* La Rochefoucauld and Chamfort, our own school of great maxim writers; the line descends from Bacon, through Halifax and Chesterfield, to F. H. Bradley, and it is to this tradition that Sydney Smith belongs. His letters are full of the peculiar English note of aphoristic resignation, felicitously expressed and far more memorable than the stock Smith witticisms, such as the famous remark about St. Paul's having pupped, (said of the Brighton Pavilion) and (of Heaven) that it will consist of "eating *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of trumpets." "I mean," he tells Lady Holland, "to make some maxims like Rochefoucauld, to collect them by degrees out of my own head, and to prune them. My first is this—after having lived half their lives respectably, many men get tired of honesty and many women of chastity."

And here, culled from his correspondence, are some more:

I know no *human being* some parts of whose character must not be for ever connived at.

Children are horribly insecure: the life of a parent is the life of a gambler.

Lady Holland will find a very great difficulty in getting such a tutor as she wants: it must be some man so absorbed in discovering the difference between X and Y that the difference between dining in the parlour and out of it has never occurred to him.

The Poets are full of false views: they make mankind believe that happiness consists in falling in love, and living in the country. I say: live in London: like many people: fall in love with nobody.

I suspect the fifth act of life should be in great cities. . . .

Finally this, to the Master of Trinity, who had threatened to send Smith's son down for having placed a bet:

No man has a right to vindicate his own character by the unjust destruction of another man's happiness.

This new edition of his letters adds little to our knowledge of Smith's life and character since the editor, with rare unselfishness, long ago placed his materials at the disposal of Mr. Hesketh Pearson, Smith's best and most entertaining biographer. Apart from their being, as Mr. Pearson pointed out, "the wittiest collection of letters in the English language," these two volumes serve mainly to fill in our outline of the parson. We watch him gradually change from the young Edinburgh tutor into the Cham of metropolitan dinner-parties, the conversational lion whose presence, announced by stentorian footmen—"Mr. Sydney Smith coming upstairs!"—would send his fellow-guests hurrying to greet him. We watch him admonishing Jeffrey, begging a job of Lord Melbourne, lambasting the Bishop of London. And the wit splutters on every page.

None of his hearers has left us a satisfactory account of Sydney Smith's methods as a talker, though Lord John Russell laboured to do so, remarking weightily that "his great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images." Certainly no man's wit ever had a grander testimonial: Scott, Dickens, Macaulay, Landor and Disraeli have all put their hands to it. Sarah Siddons, never, as Mr. Pearson remarked, one to jeopardise her deportment, developed convulsions at her first meeting with Smith and had to be helped from the table; Queen Victoria went into fits when his sayings were repeated to her. Even Carlyle, though he thought Smith "as coarse as hemp," found him risible. We catch the note of his humour admirably in these pages. A creative wit, bubbling underground like a mineral spring, to surface suddenly in dazzling jets and spirals.

"I write on this paper," he told Mrs. Procter, "because it is the colour in which I wish to see every object in human life." Yet Smith was no Cheeryble: his view of life was by no means all rose-coloured and his letters do much to reveal the redeeming streak of sharpness in his nature. Behind his consistently smiling public face lay a hair-trigger temper, quick to take offence if there was occasion. There is a curious undated letter to Lady Holland in this collection, of which his editor can tell us only that it belongs to the early stage of Smith's friendship with "Madagascar." He writes:

I made some little joke yesterday about the arrangement of your dishes, and your answer was, "If you make such jokes as these you will soon be shaken off. . . ." It would be an afflic-

* *The Letters of Sydney Smith*. Edited by NOWELL C. SMITH. *Oxford*. 2 Vols. £4 4s.

tion to me to lose your friendship, but I am as ready to discern marks of disapprobation as a man of honour and Character always ought to do, and you will find, my dear Lady Holland, that I do not require much Shaking if ever you are inclined to Try the Experiment . . .

He appears to have suffered from feelings of remorse—Mr. Pearson, in his book, called them "twinges of conscience"—for the sudden bursts of euphoria that his wit created in himself and others. The gaiety, the fireworks, the golden rain of the evening would dissolve in morning tears and sombre reflections. Lord Dudley wrote of him that:

> . . . He is subject to ebbs as well as flows of spirits, and . . . when the tide is out he takes a gloomy view of things, reproaches himself for the extravagances of his own conversation, and seeks comfort by laying the blame on somebody else.

As usual, the final verdict must be left to Greville, always the truest and sharpest of observers. Recording Sydney Smith's death in 1845, he wrote:

> . . . I have very little doubt that Sydney often felt oppressed with the weight of his comical obligations, and came on the stage like a great actor, forced to exert himself, but not always in the vein to play his part. It is well known that he was subject at home to frequent fits of depression. . . . He was full of varied inclination, and a liberal, kind-hearted charitable man. The favourite objects of his jokes were the men of his own cloth, especially the bishops, among whom he once probably aspired to sit. I do not suppose he had any dogmatic and doctrinal opinions in respect to religion . . . but he had the true religion of benevolence and charity, of peace and goodwill to mankind, which, let us hope (as I firmly believe) to be all-sufficient, be the truth of the great mystery what it may.

JOHN RAYMOND

ON THE LAST DAY

And on the last day
The sun shall rise,
The brass cock slay
Silence with its cosh of cries
And the divisions of liberating light
Come marching down the mountain sides,
Driving before them the vanquished night.

A bride shall pick the rose,
And in her hair
The red, red rose
Of love and hate will be more fair;
And blessing the day that brings belief,
Through all the happy omens that portend
Such future joy, she'll see no sign of grief.

A murderer shall fail to kill
The heart disclose
The natural will
Of man to harvest what he sows,
And in the cities crowds shall go their way
Pursuing what their hope predicts
Shall come tomorrow to forgive today.

Men shall discover peace,
A child be born,
A war shall cease
And none shall bow his head nor mourn
On the last day when every silenced bell
Shall peal as though for victory
And the release of prisoners from hell.

And on the final day
The sun shall set,
Dusk kneel to pray
And night fish with her magic net
For stars to feed the hungry dreamers with,
While the moon, as grave as wisdom, journeys forth
To greet the first day eternity shall give.

HARRY C. HAINES

THE UNCHRISTENED HEART

Maria Cross. By DONAT O'DONNELL. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

When Yeats's Heart asked his Soul "What theme had Homer but original sin?" and opted, against Von Hügel, for "Homer and his unchristened heart," he was accepting the view that the imagination cannot be christianised, that the art which creates an imitation of life will not, in so far as it is a true imitation, present the clear vision of the Divine economy which is the substance of revelation. The order which the imagination discovers in experience, and which the artist embodies in his plot, has its sanction in experience and not in revelation, the whole concept of a revealed religion implying that the sanction of experience cannot lead us to a final truth. And if, in its prime function of shaping the work, the imagination cannot appeal beyond itself, no more, in its decision as to what it must include and what exclude, can it be guided by the practical concern of conscience as to the effect its work may have. If we accept this, Cardinal Griffin's recent pronouncement as to the Catholic novelist's duty really means that Catholics cannot be novelists.

The problem whether a "Catholic novel" is a possibility, Mr. Donat O'Donnell refuses to discuss. In a rather cagey preface he declares his only aim was to follow "the actual patterns of several exceptionally vivid imaginations which are permeated by Catholicism." Each essay, he declares, "follows the pattern of what seemed to be important in the imagination of the writer studied, and not subordinate patterns, which might have been more convenient for a critical thesis." This sounds very fine and objective. But, in fact, as usually happens when the search for imaginative patterns is unchecked by other considerations relevant to our understanding and judgment on a literary work, it means that Mr. O'Donnell is at liberty to ignore what does not fit his thesis. His whole study of Mauriac's imagination is to me vitiated by his almost totally ignoring *Thérèse Desqueyroux*. If he had paid more attention to this early novel he would not, I think, have found it so easy to dismiss the later Mauriac. Having found, by various means, his patterns, he attempts in his last chapter to "set down what these individual patterns have in common." I think he cheats here. The quickness of the hand deceives the eye; and the manner in which the "childhood cross" of Mr. Graham Greene, and the "mother cross" of M. Mauriac are presented as equivalent in "the underlying emotions" is an intellectual three-card trick.

All the same this is a most interesting and at times brilliant book, admirably and wittily written. Within certain very limiting limitations, Mr. O'Donnell is a critic of great penetration. His discussion of some of the elements that make up the world of Mauriac, his disciplined exposure of what he calls the "sentimentality and moral juggling" of *The Heart of the Matter*, his analysis of Mr. Evelyn Waugh as "the sensitive adolescent with his Gothic dream, outwardly the rowdy schoolboy, organiser of cruel pranks," his exploration of the dark Bernanos jungle, in which despair has been made flesh, are all in different ways revelatory. Criticism of his book must first acknowledge its very great merit.

The pattern Mr. O'Donnell attempts to establish is clear enough in Mauriac. The mere titles *Genetrix* and *Le Sang d'Atys*, and Yves Frontenac's obsession with his poem on Cybele, suggest that M. Mauriac is unlikely to be surprised by his critic finding in him the conception of woman as mother-mistress, in both aspects redeemer and tormentor. The same pattern is clear in Claudel, Péguy and Léon Bloy. But can it really be claimed that there is any relation between the sultry world of Mauriac and the passionless world of Mr. Greene? Mr. O'Donnell describes the climax of Scobie's affair with Helen Rolt as "surely the most lugubrious seduction in literature"; but it is only one of many melancholy episodes. A "kind of sorrowing dullness in the mind" seems in Mr Greene's world to precede and accompany, as well as succeed, indulgence in the act of love. Mauriac is concerned with the flesh and with sin, what separates the soul from God: Mr. Greene's concern is with guilt, a very different thing. Or again, if we take the conception of "exile," the world from which Mauriac feels himself an exile was a world actually experienced at moments in childhood. Is there any real connection between his repeated attempts to come to terms with the contradictions of his childish world, and the distaste Mr. Waugh feels for the age he lives in and his creation of a fantasy world from which he is "exiled"?

In his study of Mauriac, Mr. O'Donnell appears to be arguing that Mauriac's attempt to "purify the heart" was the end of his greatness as a novelist. When he comes to Mr. Greene and Mr. Waugh, ruthless though some may feel his attack on their most seriously intended work to be, he does not allow the same question to arise. Have an admirable romancer and an excellent satirist prostituted their considerable gifts in attempting to write Catholic novels? By the time we reach his last chapter he seems to be hinting that Catholicism gives these writers a power which the non-Catholic writer does not possess. I think the implication is false and that Mr. Greene himself would not claim that his Catholicism has enabled him to write of human treachery with more power than did that great child of the Protestant tradition, Henry James. It is by no means only non-Catholics who feel it is a danger rather than a strength for an imaginative writer to be able to get his effects rather cheaply by touching "the great Catholic bell."

I think my dissatisfaction with this book as a whole comes from a feeling that Mr. O'Donnell is not really concerned with literary criticism but with something else, which he has not made clear. He is extraordinarily uninterested in novels and novelists outside his chosen writers. He finds in Mauriac, Claudel and Bloy the interaction of a conception of Christianity and an emotional dilemma and sees the "concept of woman as the cross" as "the focus around which the imagination christianises itself." But round this same focus the imagination of Joyce de-Christianised itself, and the imagination of Lawrence, far from accepting Catholicism, evolved its own religious interpretation of life. I feel stifled by this exclusive concentration on Catholic writers and irritated by the absence of any sense of distinction between genuine novelists such as Mauriac and Mr. Sean O'Faolain, excogitators of symbolic fantasies such as Claudel and rhapsodists such as Péguy. The kind of generalisation Mr. O'Donnell seems to be aiming at needs both a wider field of reference and a surer sense of distinctions.

HELEN GARDNER

THE ROAD TO SAMARKAND

Soviet Empire. By SIR OLAF CAROE. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

What is now Soviet Central Asia has always been a country of mystery and romance. Samarkand and Bokhara are legendary cities. The rivers Amu Darya (Oxus) and Sir Darya (Jaxartes) carry us back to the dawn of history. Here, in the fertile oases and endless steppes, surrounded by towering mountains—the Pamirs, Hindu Kush and Tien Shan—between Persia and Afghanistan in the South, China to the East, European Russia and Siberia to the West and North, a civilisation developed that was ancient at the time of the Arab invasion late in the seventh century. From that date it rapidly became the seat of a renowned Muslim civilisation rivalling the civilisations of Baghdad, Damascus and Cordova. It was also the cradle of the Turkish race and the springboard for the invasion of Asia Minor by Turkish tribes that founded the Ottoman Empire.

The high and ancient civilisation of Turkestan was nearly destroyed by the Mongol invasion of Jinghiz Khan, but survived to absorb its

conquerors. Tamerlane (Timur), direct descendant of Jinghiz Khan, left imperishable monuments to Muslim civilisation in Samarkand. Babur, also descended from Jinghiz Khan but Turkish in culture and contemptuous of the barbaric Mongols, founded the Moghul Empire in India. Central Asian civilisation declined when the caravan routes by land between China, India and Europe were replaced by the sea routes opened by the Portuguese. Religious fanaticism divided the Sunnis of Central Asia from the Shiahs of Persia. Snow peaks and deserts cut the hermit Emirates of Bokhara, Khiva and Kokand off from the outer world, and left them to stagnate, corrupt and become ever more tyrannic, cruel and mullah-ridden.

Sir Olaf Caroe traces the intricate and bloody story of the clash and intermingling in Russian Central Asia—an area half the size of the United States and inhabited by seventeen million people—of Persian, Turk and Mongol, nomads of the steppes and sedentary populations of the oases, ancient civilisation and primitive barbarism, and the growing impact and interpenetration of Russia through colonising peasants, followed by technicians and administrators and backed by armed force. He shows how this process, begun under Tsarist Russia, was at first interrupted and even partially reversed by the Revolution, but later continued and completed on new social foundations.

The Bolsheviks started with a great ideal—the liberation of all subject nationalities by ending Imperialism, a prolongation of capitalist exploitation. But native nationalism among the nomads and oasis populations of Central Asia too often meant counter-revolution—a revival of antique social conditions and determined attempts to reclaim lands colonised by Russians and Ukrainians. Even modern and socially advanced forms of nationalism among Turkish intellectuals friendly to the revolution soon clashed with the policies of the Soviet regime designed to secure the triumph of the Bolsheviks and lay the foundations of all-Soviet Socialism.

Old tribal and medieval forms of social organisation were smashed. Nomads were turned into miners, railwaymen, factory workers, lorry drivers. The vassals of feudal Beys became collective farmers. Education (in theory, at least) became compulsory and universal. Schools, technical colleges and universities were founded. The ancient scripts, derived from Arabic, were replaced, first by the Latin, then by the Cyrillic alphabet. Native literature and art were officially encouraged—and controlled. Vast resources in minerals and oil were discovered and their exploitation put in hand. Industries and new towns sprang up. Cotton-growing was greatly expanded, railways and roads were built.

These developments meant a policy of ruthless Russification and official control, and a vast influx of Russian colonists, workers, technicians, teachers, administrators and Party officials. Great mistakes were made, the resulting loss of life and economic destruction were considerable and the "cantonisation" of Turkestan brought into existence five puppet Soviet Republics—Kazakhistan, Kirghizia, Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan and Turkmenia—with gerrymandered frontiers and more or less heavy Russian infiltration.

In drawing this picture of Soviet Central Asia Sir Olaf's purpose was "at a moment of solvency brought on by Stalin's death to weigh old influences with new and estimate the part which these peoples are destined to play in the struggle between the Communist world and the West." He adds to this political purpose a mystical faith in Islam as a religion of moral regeneration for the peoples of Turkestan.

Starting with these preoccupations he underrates the achievements of the Soviet regime in Central Asia, exaggerates its evils, and ends by citing the unedifying story of the Turkestan quislings during the war and their prison-camp dupes and victims impressed into Hitler's Waffen S.S. as a sign of the strength and promise of anti-Soviet nationalism in Turkestan. He apparently looks forward to the "liberation" of Central Asia from Soviet rule as the result of a war with the West. That is, he belongs to the Dulles school of thought that pins its hopes on the break-up of the U.S.S.R., assisted from outside, rather than to those who want to negotiate peace with the Soviet Union because they do not want a war and believe in giving a chance to the forces, visibly at work since the death of Stalin, that are tending toward more national and local autonomy and a softening of the rigours of the police State.

K. ZILLIACUS

NEW NOVELS

The Colours of the Day. By ROMAIN GARY. *Michael Joseph* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Silky. By ELIZABETH COATSWORTH. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Hotel Talleyrand. By PAUL HYDE BONNER. *Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

By English reckoning, *The Colours of the Day* is less a novel than a manifesto. It sets out, at length and with ambitious assurance, to define the motives of the French spirit *vis-à-vis* the United Nations, the politics of America and Russia, the Korean and Indo-Chinese Wars. Its one-armed hero, Jacques Rainier, has volunteered to go to Korea and is about to embark. Rainier (I never managed to think of him as Jacques) is a patriotic idealist, toughened and disillusioned but fanatically uncynical, who, immediately after the Nazi war, in which he had fought as a Free French pilot with the R.A.F., had "gone into the police to break with idealism."

> He had not succeeded. After a few weeks of his new work, it had become obvious to his superiors and, rapidly enough, to Rainier himself, that he had not changed, had not stopped; he was merely trying to reform the police. He was trying to make them something human and pure, generous and noble, something which would fly to the side of justice, widows, and orphans. He was a hopeless and incorrigible idealist. As soon as he realised that he resigned, and things in the local police went back to normal.

An academically novelish situation is precipitated when Rainier meets an American film star, Anne Garantier, who has been saving herself for a great love. She is married to an impresario, Willi, whose adoration means nothing to her because he is a "fugitive from reality" (a point never quite clear). Nice in carnival is the backcloth to this lovers' meeting.—The point of it is to test the validity of Rainier's idealism. No abstract ideology, it is proved, lures him to Korea. "A Frenchman," he tells Anne, "does not live in the future. He lives in France." France believes in the plain joys of actual life, in carpentry, bread-making, in the "friendly dog's" greeting of its master; she tastes an ideal like a wine, "always ready to spit it out." She believes, above all, in love. Love is weak and fragile, like the human body, and individual: opposite of the abstract, of totalitarian faith in mass and steel. It is because he loves Anne that Rainier will leave her and catch that ship for Korea.

M. Gary is good at masculine arguments (though sometimes dashingly long-winded) and at rigging up characters to express them. He is intelligently eloquent. Unfortunately, his love-story reads like a woman's serial. Presented as vital and wise, it is sentimental. The flaw affects the heart of his argument; consequently, his modernised version of *la gloire*, interesting and sympathetic as it is, remains unredeemed and is never touching. Like his hero, M. Gary (ably translated by Mr. Stephen Becker) fought personally for what he preaches, and has the right to preach. Both were R.A.F. pilots; and I take these war records into account when saying that *The Colours of the Day*, if it had been a political essay, or a brilliant conversation at a diplomat's dinner-party, or an École Normale lecture given under harsh fluorescent light, would probably not have betrayed the touch of chic which makes it, in its present form, less than satisfactory.

If brevity were a reliable antidote, *Silky*, using only a hundred and forty pages of wide-set type, would be immune from many of the temptations and infections to which novels are exposed. Mrs. Coatsworth's story concerns a number of appearances made by a pretty, long-haired girl, judged to be about twenty years old, to the unsanguine inhabitants of a decaying farm in Maine. "Silky," as this family christen her, is a supernatural guest; this is never roughly stated, and to mention it here seems rough, since the texture of the tale is as brittle as a dried rose-leaf. Silky, if a ghost, is a missionary ghost. Men's judgments are a parcel of their fortunes; the farmer, Cephas Hewes, is turning sour and cruel as his fortunes decline, and is unkind to his wife, Verda, who desponds into fatness and slovenly ways. Silky, by the light magic of her influence, stems these tendencies; at her last appearance she happily delivers Verda's new baby, while the anxious farmer is out on a hopeless search for the doctor, in a night of deepest snow.

There is a charm in the slight tale, and the descriptions are pretty.

> See how the fog is lifting and the sun's coming out. The pond's like a big kettle with the fire getting low under it.

But such a style scarcely makes credible the lonely savagery of the farmer whose disappointment is swelling into hatred. Mrs. Coatsworth does tackle dark and violent emotion. But then the childish copy-book lisp, limpid and faithful for her minor purposes, seems artificially precocious. Though I admired Silky's performance, I felt, long before the end, that it was past her bedtime. Which is upsetting.

In *Hotel Talleyrand* Mr. Paul Hyde Bonner has written a pleasurable and entertaining story about some high-powered Americans and Frenchmen in post-war Paris. He skilfully uses up-to-date political complications, ranging from governmental agencies of American aid through French Catholic action, to Communist secret networks, to embroil the personal lives of a few people, well-drawn and more or less interest-

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ing, whose contradictory ambitions and commitments give him a lively and intriguing start. There is eventually a kind of moral which unites a free world of lovers, true democrats, men of integrity, and beautiful women saved by love, against the evil forces of Bolshevism and ambition.

To decide that Mr. Bonner intends to adorn a tale, rather than to point a moral, is to give him the benefit of some not very detrimental doubts. His enthusiasm for the outward show of ancestral and Parisian elegance is often too solemn; wines are named with triumphant care, a compatriot is reproved for thinking that red wine can be drunk with fish, and for saying "Lady Burnham" where he should have said "Lady Lettice." The latter reproof is delivered by Christian de St. Avit, a tiresome count—"Mindful of his own lineage, he was a stickler for correct address"—whom his creator really does seem to take too seriously. Brilliant, idle, admired, the Count proclaims the "battle of the individual to think and behave as he chooses," and his first task is the "unmasking, the tracking down, the defeat of the evil forces of Soviet bolshevism within our society." He appears to be a French McCarthyite Liberal.

The socially reproved American, a young economist, falls in love with a French girl planted by the Communist Party to spy on him. This does make things serious. He finds out about her, she renounces Communism for his love; then she disappears. Alone in his flat, where she had lived with him, the young man wonders whether "in the depth of her anguish and love, she had sought, in the traditional manner, the comfort and oblivion of the Seine." At this point my doubts about Mr. Bonner's intentions were finally resolved; he could not, if serious, have put that bland phrase into the mind of an agonised lover. He has included, incidentally, an amusing sketch of an American Senator, whose unabashed sortie into Parisian night-life is the funniest turn in a well-found entertainment.

GILES ROMILLY

A WILD LIFE FOR YOUR BOOK TOKEN?

Coorinna. By ERLE WILSON. *Dutsch.* 8s. 6d.

Leopard of the Hills. By JAMES TEMPLE. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

Snow Cloud. By GERALD RAFTERY. *Bodley Head.* 7s. 6d.

Sirga. By RENE GUILLOT. Translated by GWEN MARSH. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.

How Animals Move. By JAMES GRAY. *Cambridge.* 10s.

Four of these five are concerned with wild life. Children's books? One, no; one, I suppose so; two, yes; one, age-group nine to ninety-nine. *Coorinna* is not a children's book. But I expect many children will read it, be intensely moved by it, and keep it "for ever." It is a novel, its hero a marsupial wolf in the Tasmanian uplands—one of the very few still in existence. I think it is the finest, and deepest, account of the lives and deaths of wild creatures that I have ever read. The writing seems to me perfect: cool, certain, brilliantly beautiful, spare. Everything written of is seen, felt, known, by the author—deeply known. Inevitably, individual tragedy is the underlying theme, and I think that any reader, of any age, whose heart cherishes a vision of the Holy Mountain must be to some extent agonised. The book gives not a moment's ease, sets the pulses racing, blots out ordinary surroundings, annihilates the clock on the wall: does, in fact, all the things to the reader that a fine book on a fine subject can do—leaves him different. The jacket design, by William Kermode, is sympathetic.

There couldn't be a much greater contrast to *Coorinna* than *Leopard of the Hills*, although it also is about a wild animal—Chitwa, of North India. Wild life, yes. But tame writing; or so it seems to me. Unconvincing in a way, too, because of an apparent lack of sensibility. I suppose the book to be intended for children (of twelve upwards, probably), for there is an abundance of such phrases as "ate it all up," "all of a sudden," "as fast as it could go." I wouldn't myself expect children genuinely interested in animals to care for it, but Maurice Wilson's illustrations are quite attractive, and I may be mistaken. What I would suggest is that anyone hesitating might for once try that unmannerly trick of reading the last page before deciding for or against.

Snow Cloud is the story of a grey stallion gone wild after stupid treatment, and gradually and painstakingly won back from the wild by Ken (I take him to be about fourteen), who is skilled and sensitive with horses, and plucky. A good story, well and sharply told, clear with knowledge of horses, and of the book's scene, Vermont. A book for boys and girls of practically any age, especially riders. A warning: if you chance to open the book at the illustration opposite page 96, don't at once shut it for ever. Neither Ken nor the book is in the least like that.

I find *Sirga* disappointing. It is about an African lioness and a boy who, by jungle law, become friends in infancy. Plenty of savagery and vigour (though not, I must say, in the girl Lena, who is entirely superfluous as far as I can see, and bound to be called a "wet" by someone of ten upwards—the group for whom the book is intended). Jacket design and illustrations (by Joan Kiddell-Monroe) are good, and the story is vivid and, possibly, exciting. But there are a few minor inconsistencies, just the sort to be spotted. And I think the rather stilted translation produces an effect of inconsequence, even, in places, of faulty observation.

How Animals Move is the substance of six lectures given by the Cambridge Professor of Zoology to a juvenile audience at the Royal Institution. Now this is what I call a nine-to-ninety-nine book. "Juvenile" merely indicates that readers need no biological knowledge. Living animals assisted the lectures, but here Edward Bawden's drawings, and some wonderful photographs, do much. I've looked again and again at the photographs of bat-flight and of flying-fish. And there is a marvellous series showing the variations in pigeon-flght movements according to speed. Too advanced a book for nine? I don't believe it. It's a book for anyone who likes watching moving creatures and knowing what happens.

FRANCES BELLERBY

THE GREAT EASTERN

The Great Iron Ship. By JAMES DUGAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16s.

"Nothing is proposed but to build a vessel of the size required to carry her own coals on the voyage." So ran Brunel's prospectus for a ship of unheard-of dimensions which would capture and dominate the Eastern Trade. Typical of him to conceal so frightening an idea behind a phrase so soothing to the shareholders. "Nothing is proposed but . . ." The "but" was the *Great Eastern*; and here, in an expanded version of a series of articles recently published in the *New Yorker*, Mr. Dugan tells the almost incredible story of this vastest of the 'Little Giant's' vast conceptions. Launched (with appalling difficulty) in 1858, the Great Iron Ship was larger than any vessel built until the turn of the century. From the first, she was dogged by bad luck. She killed more than 30 men including, indirectly, Brunel himself. She sank or damaged ten other ships. She was the scene of four mutinies. As a paying proposition her lack of success was so marked that she was auctioned six times and ended as an advertising stunt moored in the Mersey.

From such full-blooded material Mr. Dugan, who writes in the best tradition of American dramatic reporting—that of Frederick Lewis Allen, Gene Fowler, Joseph Mitchell—has marshalled a tale filled with suspense and excitement. Facts and figures, though sometimes condensed and simplified to the borders of inaccuracy, are his passion; but he kneads them into his curt, rich style with such deftness that they seldom obtrude. He comes of a tough school of narrative where the box-office, and the arts of presentation it demands, are paramount. Perhaps for this reason it is inevitable that he should be at his best when dealing with the great ship's misfortunes. It is not that he is anti-*Great Eastern*: the warmth of his account of her sterling services in laying the Atlantic and Indian cables proves his affection. But disaster makes news; and the impression left is that of a wholly disastrous ship. She emerges from his pages like a monstrous cardboard cut-out, stark and sinister; and the searchlights of publicity (usually adverse) focused on her are too strong to allow the implications in the background to be other than shadowy. Like the ship's own directorate, he is preoccupied with her potential as a showpiece to satisfy American craving for a spectacle.

But truth, as an Englishman remarked, is spherical. The *Great Eastern* represented, after all, a revolution not only in size but in speed and luxury as well—the *Queen Elizabeth*, the Comet and the Dorchester rolled into one. She needed a bolder scale of finance than was feasible at the time, a management more skilled in both public and industrial relations. She required modern docking facilities, modern hydrography, modern meteorology, and above all radio. These were not faults of the ship herself, or of her extraordinarily advanced design. Mr. Dugan hints at these things; but has not time to balance them against the force of character of Brunel himself—the man who rammed the *Great Eastern* into the Thames so far ahead of the capacity of her time to cope with her. He has limited himself to telling the fabulous foreground story; and accepting these disciplines of craft and market, it would be mean to ask more—for he has told it superbly.

STUART LEGG

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Strachey Family, 1588-1932. By CHARLES RICHARD SANDERS. *Cambridge.* 45s.

In the note-book in which he jotted down interesting genetical discoveries Sir Francis Galton included the Stracheys as "an old family, small in numbers, but of a marked and persistent type." The family is indeed so remarkably small—all those who bear the name of Strachey today seem in some way related to each other—that it has been possible for Professor Sanders of Duke University to follow every branch of it back to Elizabethan times, and to trace the persistence of the Strachey personality from William Strachey, first Secretary of the Virginia Colony, down to Lytton Strachey the biographer. As specific family traits Professor Sanders marks down active intelligence, administrative ability, a speculative turn of mind, an affection for literature, and a love of cats. But it is easier to find examples of the essential Strachey type than to define it; in the seventeenth century John Strachey, a fellow of the Royal Society and friend of John Locke, in the eighteenth Sir Henry Strachey, secretary to Lord Clive in India, in the nineteenth Sir Edward Strachey, the friend of Edward Lear. *Coelum non animum* is the family motto; and no Strachey can fail to live up to it: the Strachey mind is unshakeable. As a Victorian doctor once said, "no Strachey can ever go mad, they are all far too eccentric for that."

Among the innumerable Stracheyana Professor Sanders has collected in the course of his indefatigable research one can choose a sample. When the Royal Society was proposing to award Sir Richard Strachey a medal, the Committee could not agree whether it was to be for his services to botany or to geography or to meteorology or to geology. Huxley cut short the discussion: "Oh, well, let's just give him the medal for being old Strachey."

MITCHELL.

Our Living Language. By A. P. ROSSITER. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Rossiter remarks: "I intermittently use the way I express things as an example of the linguistic questions I talk about." Just so; his book (but it

isn't a book, says Mr. Rossiter—and how right he is) squirms on to its back to see what other parts of its own anatomy are doing. This can be mistaken for the squirmings of embarrassment, which thereupon infect the reader, who, asked to see himself in the act of reading, grows shamefaced at his temerity in reading at all. This is what the author wanted, to make us self-conscious in our use of language; and one only asks whether we need be quite so jumpy about it, so all-of-a-tremble.

This is most unsettling in the long introductory Advertisement, which goes round and round on itself, like a Swiss Roll. The next section, six scripts of broadcast talks, is similarly "all done by mirrors" (it *is* what it *says*, and describes its own creation, like a symbolist poem), but here it comes off splendidly, for Mr. Rossiter is plainly "a real comic" a high-spirited and inventive radio-performer. There follow a lecture (also good, but tilting the scales farther than the scripts and too far for my liking, towards colloquialism), and a wise article on "Business English." The volume is completed by some class-room experiments in practical criticism, interesting in themselves (especially the second, where schoolgirls wrestle most creditably with an impossibly difficult bit of Shakespeare), but only tenuously related to what has gone before. The result is unashamedly a hotch-potch, leaning heavily on the author's resourcefully improvised linguistic acrobatics. Surprisingly he comes out of the test very well; he is a very daring young man on the trapeze, and as we come out from under the big top, we may be giddy but we are certainly elated—and instructed, too.

On the Air. By ROGER MANVELL. *Deutsch.* 16*s.*

Dr. Manvell's study of broadcasting and television falls into four parts. There is, first, an account of the organisation of broadcasting as it exists in this country, in the Dominions, in the United States and in the Soviet Union. Of this, much the most valuable part is the information on Russian radio, which will be new to most readers. Dr. Manvell then discusses the social aspects of broadcasting and the problem of freedom of expression. There follow chapters on the nature and implications of television and on its relation to sound-broadcasting and film. The book ends with some account of the techniques of broadcasting and televising and a survey of some of the distinguished work the media have already given us.

Dr. Manvell comes out, on the whole, against the B.B.C. monopoly, but he is essentially a fair-minded critic. It must be admitted that this book is not of the calibre one would have expected of its author, and it is written with a lack of distinction amounting at times to sheer slovenliness. It is particularly disappointing where it could have been most valuable, on the complex role radio plays in contemporary life. It is plain that on this aspect of broadcasting the book we need has still to be written. Dr. Manvell is at his best where he is discussing such subjects as the techniques of talks-broadcasting, which he does with great common sense, and radio drama and features. Here, his great knowledge of the film stands him in good stead.

Maps and their Makers. By G. R. CRONE. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

As Mr. Crone reminds us, the modern map is a palimpsest upon which the writing of many generations—"the results of much human work and effort"—can be read by the perceptive eye of the historian. The Roman itinerary and the Underground map use similar conventions for a common purpose. To the author, who is Librarian and Map Curator of the Royal Geographical Society, the history of maps is not only "an invaluable record for the student of man's past"; it can also lead the user of maps "to a better understanding of their characteristics and limitations." Mr. Crone sets out to treat maps "as products of a number of processes and influences," and the background of map-making—social, political, scientific, and technical—is discreetly sketched; but his text has the exceptional (and surprisingly rare) merit that it concentrates attention on the face of maps, considered as graphic documents.

To his task of compression and selection the author brings a balanced judgment. Over a quarter of the book is devoted to mediaeval maps before the period of the great discoveries, and the author shows his best form in his lucid description and analysis of outstanding examples such as the Hereford mappa-mundi (about A.D. 1300) and that of Fra Mauro (A.D. 1459). Subsequent chapters give an equally plain account of the development of the world-map in accuracy and comprehensiveness, under the combined influence of advances in geographical knowledge and in the techniques of cartographic representation. Each chapter has a select bibliography, and an appendix provides a useful list of reproductions of early maps.

To the profit of expert readers, Mr. Crone does not shy at controversial issues, nor does he fall into the dogmatism that often accompanies simplification; but his tale is told in a direct and concrete style that makes it easy reading for those with little previous knowledge of his subject. His book is refreshingly free from slips and misprints. No more reliable or more readable short history of maps has yet been published in any language.

My Gypsy Days: Recollections of a Romani Rawnie. By DORA E. YATES. *Phœnix House.* 16*s.*

This is an anaemic book, a Hungarian Rhapsody played in a Wimbledon tea-shop. The author's fifty years of commerce with the Romani world, half of them as Hon. Sec. of the Gypsy Lore Society, have clearly yielded many meetings rich in reminiscential promise—with English and Welsh Romanichals; with pocket migrations of German and Rumanian Gypsies to this country; with a scatterbrain troupe of Tsigan musicians; with all the leading Romani Rais of this century. But she gives us the minutes of these meetings and not their quintessential lifeblood. All is polite, charming and well-scrubbed. Even the formidable appearance of Augustus John with his fists up cannot save the day. Where censure is unavoidable, as in her chapter on the exploits of some Greek Gypsies from Corfu, names are changed and dashes occur, though all this happened twenty years ago.

For a philologist Miss Yates seems peculiarly blind to the possibilities of language as a creative medium. It would be ungracious not to overlook the parochial backslapping in her useful potted history of the Society (and even her salvaging of that marine cliché: "... the G.L.S. ship ... has been successfully steered through the narrowest of straits and past the most perilous of rocks.") But this happens all the way through. Redeeming features are her accounts of her Romani sisters, Esmeralda Lock and the indomitable Rosie Griffiths, and the mountain funeral of Dr. John Sampson, the Rai of Rais; her translation of a tale by Matéo Maximoff, the first Gypsy novelist (although marred by those pernicious *thys* and *would'st thous*); and, above all, the astute earthy sayings of the Gypsies themselves, and the splendid photographs of them.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,244

Set by Peter Pastmaster

Mr. Somerset Maugham will be 80 next month. Competitors are invited to celebrate the occasion by a comment on his work as from any character he has created. Limit 150 words. Entries by January 5.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,241

Set by Marmaduke Dench

A policeman who is no respecter of persons arrests Father Christmas *alias* Santa Claus on Christmas night. He is charged with attempted burglary.

The usual prizes are offered for extracts (not exceeding 150 words) from either (a) the observations of the magistrate who deals with the case; or (b) comments upon it in the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Worker*, a *Times* Fourth Leader, or "A London Diary" in the *New Statesman*.

Report by Marmaduke Dench

The Affair of Father Christmas found our leaders of opinion all at sea. Was his appearance "another attempt of the Catholic hierarchy to pollute the minds of the worker's children" (his bag, of course, contained *The Boys' Own Biological Warfare Set*); or his conviction a sign that "even canonisation is not enough to safeguard a man from molestation by the police if (a) he is not a British subject and (b) if by giving goods away for nothing he exposes the falsity of the economic assumptions on which Western capitalism is so precariously based"? Might he be a Trotskyite, or worse?

> Claus, who is also known as Nicholas, or Old Nick, is said to be the father of the notorious Falangist spy Xavier Mass, who became known as "Black Mass" after his attempt to sabotage the morale of the Republican Forces in Spain on 25th December, 1938.

All this was the *Worker's* dilemma; but neither was Critic too certain whose cudgels to take up—the saint's (who might be just a facade for big business) or the policeman's (who had only arrested him because of an underprivileged childhood). The Magistrate, too, was at a loss whether to tick off the police for undermining faith ("when the lack of fixed principles is the cause of so many of our troubles") or Christmas himself.

Honourable mention to R. Hemington, Elaine Morgan, Hugh Jenkins, Alice James, Pte. P. Wilson, Rhoda Tuck Pook—who supplied the above quotations—and to Nancy Gunter for her *Daily Mirror* entry ("LAPP WIFE WEEPS AS CHIMNEY PROBE CONTINUES—Yesterday in her spotless Lapland igloo, white-haired Mrs. Christmas wept as I informed her that her husband, F. Christmas, alias S. Claus, had again been remanded for a week pending enquiries.")

First prize of two and half guineas to Ernest Young; second prize of a guinea and a half to Stanley J. Sharpless; a guinea each to Findlay P. Murdoch and J. P. Stevenson.

DAILY WORKER

Wearing the typical red cloak of a Stakhanovite sledge driver, Santa Claus, a representative of the People's Republics, appeared in court yesterday on a charge of attempted burglary.

Protesting his innocence, Claus explained that he was in fact distributing toys and food parcels from the other side of the dollar curtain to the children of our needy workers.

This wonderful old fighter for peace was remanded for a medical report, as the distribution of gifts without adequate propaganda shows a need for mental adjustment to the Capitalist system.

He was led away shouting "Workers of the world unite—you have nothing to loose but your Christmas chains."

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COLLET'S BOOKSHOPS

45 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

The Father Christmas Union, Oxford Street branch will hold a march to protest against the arrest of comrade Claus. Remember the date —2 p.m. next Sunday outside Sellages stores.

ERNEST YOUNG

The Christmas haze will not blind *Daily Worker* readers to what lies behind the recent squashing of the burglary charge against Father Christmas and the shameful dismissal of the policeman who made the arrest.

The facts show quite conclusively that Father Christmas, *alias* Santa Claus, is nothing but a parasitical lackey of the Imperialist aggressors, and that his sole contribution to society consists in working one night shift in the year, during the so-called peace on earth season, filling the stockings of the innocent young with toy soldiers and tanks.

Now, then, is the opportunity for every P.C. who belongs to the C.P. to persuade his less politically-minded mates to agitate for the reinstatement of their wrongfully dismissed comrade, and so take us a step nearer that sane system of society which will have no need of a Santa Claus with his jingoistic jingle bells and bag of war-mongering tricks.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

A London Diary

It's all very well to laugh at the policeman who arrested Santa Claus. What I think a lot of people forget is that Santa, like Peter Pan, is essentially a middle class creation. An ordinary bobby, probably from a working-class home, may never have succumbed to this particular bit of bourgeois indoctrination. A Marxist friend says that our conventional sack-carrying Santa is an obvious symbol of capitalist acquisitiveness which has been cleverly twisted by Big Business into a type-figure of seasonable benevolence. Having just spent a roulicking two hours, heavily bearded, dispensing oranges at the children's Christmas party of the Charing Cross Residents' Association, I'm not sure that's the whole truth.

But readers may like to know that the Turnstile Press are shortly publishing a useful pamphlet on the subject of *Popular Mythology in a Social Democracy* (6*d.*, post free 7½*d*).

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Times Fourth Leader

. . . But the keen young constable who missed a kill on the open veldt of felony might have been luckier in the tangled undergrowth of misdemeanour. Surely there must be a Metropolitan by-law about leaving reindeer unattended? Had these creatures complied with the quarantine regulations? And how about the driver's passport? His sartorial taste is Nordic, but his domicile is Bari—as motorists are reminded if they try to drive through that city on the fourteenth of April—and he is by birth the subject of an empire that folded up in 1453. It might indeed be simpler if he lived here permanently; and after his recent experience of British Themis perhaps he will. Fears of seasonal unemployment need not deter one so expert at reading illegible and childish letters; if he wants a job he can always come and decipher some of those received at this office.

J. P. STEVENSON

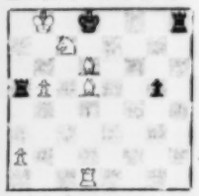
CHESS: A Break for Columbus

No. 221

It may be a shock for American readers to learn that it was a fortuitous chess victory that put them where they are. But for this, there might be no baseball and no dollars, let alone a dollar gap. McCarthy might be a Limerick J.P. and Reshevsky the Polish champion. It seems unthinkable; yet, if King Ferdinand V had lost this position, as he might have, he would have been so vexed as to veto, once and for all, the journey proposed by Christopher Columbus. Unlike his wife, he didn't fancy either Columbus or his ideas, and he liked even less to lose a game of chess. But fortunately, though the Q down on the board, he had his real Queen standing by. "Sire," said she, "pray forfeit these useless castles to win eternal glory!" The King took Isabella's idea as well as her shrewd hint that by selling a couple of useless castles he could finance her protégé's crazy adventure. Even so, and with due respect to Isabella, I feel regally generous in offering as much as 4 points for so easy a problem. Nor is **B**, a 2-mover, much more difficult; it should be amply rated with 5 points, particularly when I add the helpful hint that, while the first problem had something to do with the age of discovery, this one abounds with discovered checks —13 of them, to be precise. **C**, being a mate in 10, would seem to be rather more difficult; but it really isn't, it should provide an almost unearned income of 7 good ladder-points towards the grand total of 40 to be garnered this Christmas. The first headache for competitors will be provided by **D**, which may well be slightly underrated with 7 points. It is one of those sui-mates which so many readers seem to have taken a liking to. It is, in fact, a "sui-mate in 11," and for the uninitiated I had better explain that this means for White to commit suicide, as it were, by forcing Black to mate him in 11 moves.

A: King Ferdinand V 1492

B: H. Fischer 1904



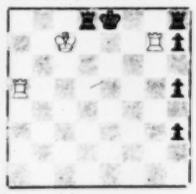
C: "Expertus" 1916

D: H. Fischer 1904

It has become traditional to conclude the seasonal frivolity of a Christmas column with a couple of honest and meaty endgame studies, fit to please the more serious minded competitors and apt to give even our famous *kraftlösers* a little headache. At first sight **E** seems to break with that tradition: it is no study at all, it is a position reached in a game which Edward Lasker (White) drew against Dr. Lewitt. Yet, while game positions normally rank as 4-pointers for beginners this one is neither normal nor very easy: even so, to rate it 8 points can be justified only by seasonal largesse. As for **F**, though, —White to win—this is one of Rinck's most ingenious studies, and whoever, even among our cracks, doesn't know it will have to work for his 9 points.

E: Edward Lasker 1910

F: Henri Rinck 1925



Usual prizes. Entries by January 4th.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 5

A: (1) . . . R x KtP ch, (2) K x R, R x P ch, (3) B x R, P-K8 ch etc.

B: (1) P-Kt6, B-K3 ch, (2) K-Kt4! B x B, (3) P-B4, P-R6, (4) P-Kt7, B x P, (5) K x B, P-R7, (6) P — Q, P — Q, (7) Q-Kt2 ch, K-B8, (8) Q-B1 ch, K-Kt7, (9) Q-K2 ch, K-B8, (10) Q-K1 ch, K-Kt7, (11) Q-Q2 ch, K-Kt8, (12) K-Kt3, etc.

C: (1) R-R1! R-K8, (2) R-B1!! R x R, (3) B x P, K-Kt7, (4) K-Kt4, K-B7, (5) K-B4, K-Q8, (6) K-Q3, K-K8, (7) B-Q2 ch, K-Q8, (8) B-K3, etc.

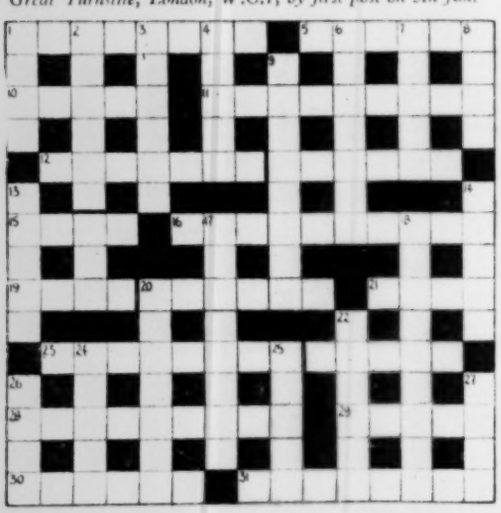
But (1) R-KB4 would be defeated by R-QKt7.

Too many correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by C. H. Brown, J. C. Cock, A. E. Harris, W. Hoyt, T. F. Simmonds who, being just 90, wonders if he is the oldest competitor. Is he?

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 80

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 80, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 5th Jan.



ACROSS

1. Drink close to the parson's nose? (8).
5. The meaning of something foreign (6).
10. Keats said invention was this star of poetry (5).
11. Relishes reforming sins among the lowest classes of society (9).
12. Party game for Guildhall professors? (7, 6).
15. Hindrances Aladdin found useful (4).
16. County cap for a pantomime character (10).
19. The teacher who will give useful tips? (4, 6).
21. Bustle while the pudding is being made (4).
23. Means of announcing there is a table with light refreshments on it (8, 5).
28. Sets for those who get presents (9).
29. Eat off the land (5).
30. Poultry carving (6).
31. Oil and dates both come from this alone (8).

DOWN

1. Papers for party heads (4).
2. Presumably Dalton could not have practised this discrimination (6, 3).
3. Watch the vegetable (6).
4. "From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England, From Lisbon, Barbary, and ——?" (5).
6. Laurel in a drinking vessel for a horse (7).
7. "The ox knoweth his ——, and the ass his master's crib" (5).
8. Christmas game? Yes, in Australia (4).
9. Scatter the seed around the bed to provide a picture (8).
13. The meaning of snow? (5)
14. In the carol this worship is followed by a little music (5).
17. Animated since sin and pride have been confounded (8).
18. The most distant may be disposed to muster too (9).
20. Drink produced wild Irishmen (7).
22. There is no spring in winter time (6).
24. What may be corporal in an elbow (5).
25. Crowds of entertainers (5).
26. Manger and what it was used for (4).
27. Slav almost Peter's friend (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 78

FRIZEWINNERS TO No. 78

John Foord (Hull), E. R. Edwards (The Hague), F. T. Ruddle (Gerrards Cross).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of Political Theory and Government. The appointment will date from October 1, 1954. Initial salary £1,700 per annum with superannuation and family allowances. Full particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by Monday, February 15, 1954.

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by frequent competitive interviews. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In biological subjects the number of vacancies is small; individual vacancies exist at present for candidates who have specialised in palæobotany, invertebrate fossils and foraminifera. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted. For Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). Inclusive London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £917—£1,075; (women) £786—£949; Scientific Officers (men) £440—£812; (women) £440—£707; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440—£760; (women) £440—£576. Women's rates for Patent Classes under review. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53, S.128/53 for the other posts. Completed application forms to be returned on or before December 31, 1953.

B.B.C. requires Newsreel Script Assistant, Television Service. Essential qualifications: ability to write well and with speed and accuracy on topical subjects for news films, wide general knowledge of current affairs, high standard of education. Experience of film production not essential but candidates should understand underlying principles of a visual medium. Salary £695 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £930 p.a. maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "156 N. Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

IMPORTANT Anglo-Israeli Organisation under distinguished patronage has opening for experienced male Appeals Organiser. Essential qualifications are good education, forceful but pleasant personality, outstanding organising ability, knowledge of Jewish Community, ability to address meetings and write/prepare matter for publication. Apply in confidence Box 3961.

CHILDREN'S Service—Superintendent and Deputy Superintendent (both res.) required for a cottage-type children's home at Hutton, Essex, for 500 children up to 15 years. Primary school on the site under separate control of a headmaster. Applicants must have extensive experience in administration of residential establishments for children and be in full accord with modern concepts of child care. Superintendent, £721 rising to £897 15s., Deputy Supt., £600 rising to £721, both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, lodging, etc. Leave: Supt. 8 weeks incl., Deputy Supt., 6 weeks incl. Details and application form from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1337), L.C.C., County Hall, London, S.E.1.

SURREY Education Committee. Appointment of Full-time Youth Club Leader. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for The Sunnyside Youth Club, Leatherhead. Practical experience of work in mixed clubs is essential and preference will be given to applicants who have a recognised Certificate of Training. Salary: Men £375 × £20—£525 p.a. Women: £345 × £20—£445 p.a. Forms of application and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDONDERRY High School, N. Ireland. Reqd. in January for Spring term a temporary teacher for Physics and Biology. A bonus towards travelling exps may be granted to a suitable candidate from Gt. Britain. Apply at once to Head Mistress.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department Visiting Officer. Applications invited from men for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding-out and supervision of older boys, and attendance at Juvenile courts. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience but will not exceed £570 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointments subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, by January 4, 1954. Canvassing forbidden.

ASSISTANT Advertising Manager required by Phœnix book publishing Group (Phœnix House, Readers' Union, etc.). He will probably be in his twenties, and will have had some publicity experience. He should have a flair for copywriting, but not be averse to attending to routine matters. Salary £500-£700 according to exp. Full details to Advertising Manager, Phœnix House, Ltd., 38 William IV St., W.C.2.

LEADING London Cinema Group require a keen young man aged 20-25 for their publicity department. Newspaper experience and knowledge of shorthand and typing an advantage. Excellent opportunity for man with energy and ideas. Write stating age, education and previous experience. Box 4143.

ASSISTANT club leader (woman) required January 1, 1954, to help in youth club and run two junior clubs (7-11, 11-15). Training preferable but not essential. £200 p.a. and full residence. Please apply in writing to the Warden, U.G.S. Settlement, Staffordshire Street, S.E.15.

WANTED: secretary, efficient shorthand-typist, interesting work. State detailed qualifications. Box 4280.

WANTED: Secretary, fluent English and German, knowledge of French; must be a member of Labour Party. Box 4184.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

JOURNALIST, Univ. Grad., versatile, linguist, sks. responsible and interesting employment. Writing research on internatl. affairs & all other offers consid. Box 4151.

INTELLIGENT lady Czecho-Slav, nat. Br., late 50's, domesticated, fond of animals, wishes situation as companion-housekeeper to single lady or gentleman. Country preferred. Box 4090.

GRADUATE (f) position e.g. publishing, library. Some typing. Box 4162.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. 6d. yearly, including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"LABOUR Monthly." January contents: "Outlook for 1954" (R.P.D.); "The Italian Socialist Party and the Policy of Unity of the Masses" (Pietro Nenni); "A Common Policy for Labour" (Harry Pollitt); "The Real Terrorists in Kenya" (Monica Whately); "Wages the Next Step" (J. R. Scott); "Bias in Political Economy" (R. L. Meek). Order 1s. 6d. from all newsagents, or half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine condition. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

THE most charming, amusing small gift book: "Hints on Etiquette" with delightful colour plates. 4s. 6d. Turnstile Press.

"WORLD News." New weekly journal of Communist Party. Out Jan. 2. 6d. Militant movement in industry. The fight against Tories. News from Socialist countries. Also of industrial and political movements in West. Communist views on arts and sciences. For all who work for Peace and Socialism. (Postal sub. 30s. per year.) Distributors: Central Books, 2 Parton St., London, W.C.1.

NOW being read by every thinking person: "A Heretic's Answer to Communism." Western Press, Westward Ho!, Devon. 7s. 6d.

LETZTE Chance! Reduced Subskriptionspreis for new edition "Der Grosse Brockhaus," ends Dec. 31. Particulars Walter Gruen & Son, 51a Chipstead Valley Rd., Coulsdon, Surrey. UPlands 1708.

"COURIER from France." No. 2 now ready. Digest (in English) of articles from leading French reviews. 1s. 3d. from Anglo-French, 72 Charlotte St., W.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

BOOKS bought. Call with books for immediate cash offer or send books (or list) for offer by return to the Bodkin Bookshop, 7 Kensington Church Street, W.8. Review copies bought and best prices paid.

GERMAN Literature bought & sold. Continental Book Supply, 24 Whitechurch Lane, E.1—by appointment only. MOU. 1482.

LIBRARIES, large or small, bought. And Socialist literature always. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

WANTED, Runs of Magazines such as Verve; Minotaure; Transition; Criterion; Horizon; Nine; Seven, etc.; Also Learned & Technical Jrnls.; Libraries & Reviews purchased; Out-of-Print Books found; Catalogues issued. Fisher and Sperr, Booksellers, 46 Highgate High St., London, N.6.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts, MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

TYPEWRITING: theses, plays, speeches, MSS., etc. Apply—The New Enterprise Secretarial Agency. Box 3711.

MRS. Archer for MSS, Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar. 5230.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

MAYFAIR 2070. Typing/Duplictg. Miss Padbury's, 22 South Molton St., W.1.

MSS. Documents, letters, expertly and quickly typed. Reas. WEL. 7844.

SECRETARIAL Aunts for all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand typists, etc. Literary and commercial typing, duplicating, etc. Four-day service for any length MS. Special rates for students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9. Also at 501/2 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 6411/2. (And Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.)

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24 hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

A FIRST-Class Duplicating/Typing/Secretarial service. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Road, N.19. ARC. 1765, ext. 1.

EXPERT duplctg.-typ. Marjorie Nixon, Cartreffy, Chestnut La., Amersham 1520.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY 1786.

DUPLICATING & Typewriting Translations. Frances King Secretarial Office, 1a Harrington Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Moderate charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1 (Holborn 8471)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY. 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406), c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s 6d. daily, and breakfast.

SINGLE and double furnished rooms, Marble Arch. Cooking facils., service, etc., from £2 7s. 6d. per week. Box 4215.

LOVELY sgle./dble. bed-sit. room, use kit. Near Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

NEWLY decorated well-furn. sgle. bed-sit rm., £2. Near Tube. WIL. 1644.

3RD girl reqd to share furn. flat. Own room. S.W.4. 27s. 6d. p.w. Box 4071.

FURNISHED flat for four, self-contained 3rd floor. 7gns p.wk. 157 Kensington High Street. WES. 2211, 9-6 p.m.

NEWLY furnished flat, double bed-sitting room, kitchen, sharing bathroom, also 3 newly furnished single rooms with central heating, concealed washing h. & c. and cooking facilities, sharing bathroom. Never let before, in beautiful detached house 1 min. tube and buses. Very moderate rent for right tenants. After 6 p.m. Chiswick 2122.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room for student or business woman. Kensington. Use bathroom & kit. £3. Box 4177.

OXFORD graduate & wife offer large single room, light ckg. facils. 2½gns. Quiet, congenial atmosphere. Hampstead 8109.

HAMPSTEAD (Langland Gdns.), large well-furn. bed-sitting room. Use garden, bath, c.h.w. Private house. Suit bus. prof. people. £3 10s. incl breakfast. HAM. 5408.

LARGE comf. bed-sit. room, modern block, Marble Arch. Business person or student. £3 3s. Paddington 6967.

STUDENT (girl). Room and board offered free in first class flat, Earls Court, in exchange half-daily help in home. FRO. 2209.

DIVAN-room, friendly but independent terms, with professional workers. Use kitchen, domestic service & general expenses. £2 6s. Refs. exchanged. N.W.8. Box 4161.

SPACIOUS bed-sitting room in flat, St John's Wood. Use bath, kitchen, phone, heating, service. Rent 3½gns. Professional business lady only. Box 4231.

LARGE studio N.W.1 with elec. kiln, £5 p.w. £250 for kiln (practically new) etc., secures long lease. Box 4155.

S/C. f. flat, lge. liv.-sit.-rm., double bedrm., kit/ette, frig., bthrm., sep. w.c. Garage space. 6½gns. Waltham Cross 3584.

AMERICAN teacher, wife, seek s/c furn. flat Central/North-central London. Jan. 15, 6 months. 6gns. p.w. max. Box 4125.

JOURNALIST requires small flat, Central, for short period. Box 4203.

STUD. reqs. quiet acc., homely atmosphere, London. Some board. Mod. Box 4235.

ARTIST (genius) and husband (dullard, i.e., economist) require accommodation, dirty and cheap. Box 4024.

WANTED January for long let s/c unfurn. flat/studio flat anywhere in London. Box 4118.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee); unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

GIN Traps are no longer needed! I can send particulars of 11 other ways of killing rabbits. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling you how to kill domestic animals and poultry, and White list of furs humanely obtained. Major C. Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W.1. Booklet sent.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fierras, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

REMAKING Bedding. We remake and recover divans, box springs and mattresses, also convert your mattresses into spring-interior types. Write for further particulars. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d. stamp. Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Dec. 26, 2.30 & 7.45 and daily. Sun. 7.45 members only, "Treasure Island."

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7. Sat., Sun. 5 & 8. Mn. 2.30. "A London Actress." Mems.

BOLTONS Theatre, KEN. 5898. Murray Marionettes in "The High Toby," by J. B. Priestley and Offenbach's "Rose of Auvergne." Nightly exc Mons. 8. Mats. Sat., Sun. 5 (& daily Xmas week). Mems.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391), "Cinderella," tuneful, all-laughter Panto. Adm. 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d. (Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.).

IRVING, Leicester Sq., WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "On with the New," our new Topical Intimate Revue. Licensed till midnight. Mems. 5s. year.

SPECIAL Xmas Attraction. Magic from the East. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30, Sun. 6.30. Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Mem. 5s. yr. Visit our Restaurant on 1st floor. Continental & Indian dishes a specialty. Fully licensed. Open till midnight.

"BORN Yesterday," New Theatre, Sun., Jan. 3, 7.30, Bernhard Baron Settlement Players in aid of National Council for Civil Liberties. Members only. Tickets from 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 27: "Toro-No-O" (U) and "The Magic Garden" (U). From Dec. 28: "Kon-Tiki" (U) "Madeline" (U).

NAT. Film Theatre, S. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 26. Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka" (A). Dir. Ernst Lubitsch. 2. 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

ENROL in December for a Free Seat. "Afsana," an Indian Feature Film, opens at Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq., Sat., Jan. 2, at 1 p.m. Mem. 5s. a year. WHI. 8657.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Thursday, Dec. 31, New Year's Eve Gala Dance. Cy Grant and his Afro Cuban Band. Members and their guests 7s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Reduction for double tickets booked in advance.

S.C.R. New Year's Eve Party. Best in London. Dancing. Refreshments. Prizes. Members' Bar. At 14 Kensington Square, W.8, Thurs., Dec. 31, 8 p.m.—midnight. Adm. 6s dble., 3s. 6d. single.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. New Year Party/Dance, Dec. 31, 9 p.m.-2 a.m. N.W.8. distr., nr. Tube. Tkts. 8s. 6d. incl. refr'ments. For partics. ring BYR. 5097.

NEW Year's Eve Party of the London Central W.E.A. at the Artworkers' Guild Hall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1, 7.30 until midnight, Thurs. Dec. 31. Dancing, Cabaret, etc. Tickets 3s. 6d. from Miss Hassid, Branch Sec., 268 Russell Court, W.C.1. (S.a.e. please.) Send also for Bulletin re 1 W.E.A. Classes beginning mid-Jan. on International Affairs (Europe To-day), Crime & the Criminal, and Drama (English Comedy).

SATURDAY, December 26, 7.15-11.15 p.m. Grand Continental Dance to Isy Geiger's Grand Ballroom Orchestra at Carlton Rooms, 140 Maida Vale, W.9, near Kilburn Bridge. Members 4s. 6d., Guests 5s. 6d.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Recital Room. New series of Saturday Recitals by Orpheus Society begins Jan. 2 with London Harpsichord Ensemble, programme of Vivaldi and Bach. WATerloo 3191.

LORD Harewood will introduce Rimsky-Korsakov's "The Golden Cockerel," with Mattiwilda Dobbs, Howitt, Cuenod, Glynne and Young at 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, Sun., Jan. 3, 8 p.m. Apply Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

MODERN Art in Finland. Arts Council Exhibition of paintings, sculpture, glass, ceramics, textiles, furniture, etc. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till Jan. 23 (closed Dec. 24-27 inc.). Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee": Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. East End Academy 1953. Paintings, Drawings and Sculpture. Daily 11-6. Closed December 25, 26, 27. Last days December 28-31, 11-6. Admission free.

CHINESE Blue and White Porcelain, 14th to 19th centuries. Exhibition organised by the Oriental Ceramic Society, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Jan. 23 (closed Dec. 24-27 inc.). Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission free.

FIRST London Exhibition Impressionist Paintings by American artist, Helen Frank. Dec. 22-Jan. 8. Parson's Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Free.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St.; Leicester Square. Recent Paintings by Dennis James and Hannah Gavert.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Terrace, W.14. Paintings by Mary Dobson. Daily 10-5.30, Thursdays 10-8, Saturdays 10-1. Admission free. Closing December 31.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Terra Cotta and Pottery Figurines by Audrey Blackman. Woodcarvings by H. Nonnenmacher.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. New Paintings by Norman Adams and Brenda Chamberlain. Pottery by James Tower.

RENEL Gallery, 40-41 Burlington Arcade, W.1. "Famous Painters Past and Present." Daily 10-5.30 p.m. Sats 10-1 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. New Paintings: Jean Hugo, Martin Battersby and Frederick John Fuchs. Until January 8.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of Paintings by Russian emigré artists in Paris, Soutine; Kremegne; Chagall; Kikoine, etc. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1, until Jan. 9, 1954.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Christmas Exhibns.: Modern Tapestries & Curtains by Michael O'Connell; Pottery by Roy Dale and John Eaves; Small Paintings by Elsa Mez; Contemporary Drawings.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"TECHNICAL and Administrative Openings in Israel." The Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G., and J. Levitsky, Director of P.A.T.W.A., newly arrived from Israel. Chairman, A. Herzka. Patwa Members and all interested welcome. 8 p.m. Wednesday, December 30. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43 Great Windmill Street, W.1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy. Wed., Dec. 30. Hilary Marquand, M.P.: "War on Want in the Commonwealth." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s.

DUDLEY Glass, M.A., Author and Composer, will speak on Fri., January 1, at 8.15 p.m., on "The Cultural Scene in Australia." (Illus.) London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2 (off Leinster Terrace/Devonshire Terr.). All welc.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues. Dec. 29, 8.15. "The New Philistinism," by Kathleen Nott. Chair: William Empson. Mems. 2s. Guests 3s.

SELF-control in Men & Machines—Jan. 22-24 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt. Britain, 50th Anniversary meetings. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Victoria. Sunday, January 3, at 7 p.m. "The Last Fifty Years." Speakers: Gilmac & A. Turner.

THE Society for Sex Education and Guidance. Fri., January 1, 1954, Dr. Eustace Chesser will speak on "Society's Attitude to the Homosexual," at the Conference of Educational Associations, to be held at 5 p.m. at College for Distributive Trades (Room 208), 107 Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2. Chair: The Revd. W. W. Simpson, M.A.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Mr. Joshua Podro on "The Nazarene Gospel Restored" Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2, on Tuesday, December 29, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Jan. 2, at 6 p.m. Jan Rosol (Alliance Francaise): Chansons folkloriques, accompagnées à la guitare.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "What Makes a Society Exciting?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., Dec. 27, 6.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CONFERENCE: Open International Conference. "International Tension and Education." Holborn Hall, W.C.1, Tues., Dec. 29, 2 p.m. and 6.30 p.m. Spkrs.: Mr. Charles Darvill & Mr. Peter Mauger, M.A. Wed. Dec. 30, 10 a.m. & 2 p.m. Social 7 p.m. Spkr.: Miss Margaret Davies, M.Sc.

SOCIALISM, the Arts and Public Opinion. 3 day School, January 5-7. Speakers include: Barbara Wootton, Francis Williams, Tom O'Brien, C. Mayhew, M.P. In Central London. Fee 5s. Details: National Association of Labour Student Organisations, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. Tel. ABB. 6894.

BRITISH Commonwealth Today. A. Creech Jones, Sir John Sargent and others will lecture at weekend course, Missenden Abbey Adult College, Jan. 8-10. For details apply Warden, Gt. Missenden, Bucks.

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin January 5 and at frequent intervals. Dance's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: Park 8392).

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1